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## Events of the Week.

On the Western Front the fighting has this week been more general than of late. The exception is along the British lines, where nothing of any moment is reported. The French continued their incessant offensive in the sector north of Arras, but they have attacked at several other points, and always with success. South of Arras, at Hébuterne, two lines of trenches were carried, involving an advance of one kilometre on a mile front, and 400 prisoners were taken. North of the Aisne, at Moulins-sous-Tousvent, a similar success was won, with 250 prisoners, six machine guns, and three field guns as the booty. Several local attacks were launched with unimportant results elsewhere. The Germans invariably counter-attacked after these losses, but their independent offensive seems to be confined to the Eastern front, and in France they observe, save when attacked, an almost unbroken passivity. The most important of these French successes was probably the following up of the long-continued attack on the Lens salient above Arras. The village of Neuville has now been completely, and the "labyrinth" fortress almost completely, captured, while all the positions won here have been held against heavy counter-attacks.

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In Galicia, the Germans have not been contented with their success at Przemyśl, but have pushed forward their advance towards Lemberg. Of the several converging routes open to them, they seem to have chosen that from the south-east. Their advance on the Lower San (north of Przemyśl) seems to have been checked. Nor have they made much progress on the direct eastward

road from the fallen citadel to Lemberg. But on the Dniester front to the south-east, where the Prussian Guard is fighting and General von Linsingen commands, their advance is successful and relatively rapid. They have crossed the Dniester at Zurawno, and have taken the town of Stanislau, a railway junction of great strategical importance, and with it over 4,000 prisoners. The threat to Lemberg is serious, but in spite of the dearth of munitions, the Russians are fighting with great obstinacy, delivering frequent counter-attacks, in one of which they took 2,000, and in another 800 prisoners. Friday's news, indeed, suggests that they have inflicted a serious defeat upon the Prussian force at Zurawno, which lost in Thursday's fighting seventeen guns and 6,500 prisoners. Though the broad facts about this Prussian advance are, unfortunately, not in dispute, the Russians warn us that the German claims are immensely exaggerated. The figure claimed for prisoners alone during May (270,000) is larger than the whole total of Russian losses.

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THE Italian concentration must now be approaching completion, and the moment for an advance in force has come. So far, the covering troops have continued their preliminary operations on the fringes of the Trentino, and nothing has happened to suggest as yet that the enemy is ready for a determined resistance. Germany has not yet declared war, though as a preliminary, the Kaiser is said to have made a fiery speech against Italy to one of his armies. The German Staff is probably waiting to complete the movement in Galicia before it turns to deal with Italy. Meanwhile, the main Italian advance against the Isonzo is gathering impetus, and what may be a general action has already begun. The Italians are across the river in its upper region, but in difficult, inhospitable country (the Monte Nero), unsuitable for large movements. A division has attacked the bridge-head at Görz, according to Austrian reports, but unsuccessfully. The chief success has been won lower down the stream, which is still in flood. The important town and junction of Monfalcone has been captured, apparently with ease. Monfalcone is only seventeen miles from Trieste, and contains its electric power station, as well as a factory for asphyxiating gas.

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A *communiqué* from the Dardanelles illustrates the nature of that slow trench warfare which Sir Ian Hamilton warned us to expect. A general attack on all the Turkish positions in the south of the Peninsula was ordered for last Friday. French, Indians, the Naval Division, Regulars, and Territorials all took their part in it. One brief mention is made of the co-operation of the guns of the fleet, but it is probable that the appearance in this field of German submarines has imposed new rules of caution on our ships. The course of the attack resembled the less fortunate of our advances in Flanders. The forward rush was successful along a great part of the lines. But there was one spot where the preliminary bombardment had failed to destroy the wire entanglements. The impossibility of taking this position meant that the gallantry displayed, and the losses incurred in most of the successful advances, were

largely wasted, for our more advanced forces were enfiladed and had to retire. There has, however, been some advance, over 500 yards, on a front of three miles, but one fears that this minor success is far from balancing the losses involved. The Turks are showing a wholly un-Turkish enterprise under German leadership, attacking frequently, and above all by night. They lost, however, 400 prisoners, and their casualties are probably as heavy as our own. The work of our submarines in the Sea of Marmora is bound to tell shortly, for it seems to have forced the Turks to depend solely or mainly on land transport.

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A BRILLIANT exploit in the air has proved that a Zeppelin can be attacked with success. Lieutenant Warneford, on a monoplane, got above a Zeppelin in Belgium, and dropped six bombs at short range. He was so close to his prey that the explosion caused his own machine to turn a somersault, and it came to the ground, but he managed to restart it and returned safely to receive a well-merited V.C. The Zeppelin was totally destroyed with all her crew. A similar exploit was performed a day or two later by an Austrian flyer at the expense of a big Italian dirigible, which was returning from a raid against Fiume. In this latter case, however, the crew were saved and made prisoners. As this method of attack is practised and perfected, the use of airships by daylight must be greatly restricted, but it could hardly be employed on a dark night, though it was before dawn, in a still uncertain light (3 a.m.), that Lieut. Warneford achieved his exploit. It is probable that a second German airship was destroyed in its shed, near Brussels, by naval airmen on the same night. The record of doings in the air unfortunately includes a fresh Zeppelin raid on Monday night on our East Coast. It caused two fires, five deaths, and injuries to forty persons.

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MR. ASQUITH has announced the total of our casualties up to the last day of May. Exclusive of the Navy and the Naval Division, the losses of all our land forces in the Western campaign and at the Dardanelles amount to 258,069 men. The number killed is 50,342, and of wounded 153,980—which gives the very high proportion of one to three. The remainder (53,747) are "missing." The loss in officers is over 10,000. Allowing for the uneventful weeks of August, this total means that over the whole nine months of the war our losses have averaged a thousand men a day. This method of reckoning is unluckily fallacious, for the numbers engaged grow steadily, and the fighting becomes more intense. The casualty lists of recent weeks suggest that our average loss in the West and at the Dardanelles is now more nearly three thousand a day. That is a heavy rate of wastage, but unless the Straits are forced, we must prepare to see it increased as the new armies enter the field.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S reply to the German Note on submarine warfare has been drafted and despatched, but it has entailed the resignation of Mr. Bryan. One infers that it must have carried the dispute to a point at which it might theoretically result in war, and in this responsibility his principles forbade him to share. The published correspondence between him and Dr. Wilson does credit to them both, and each emphasizes their common will to serve the cause of peace, though they differ as to the means. If the question at issue were simply whether this or the other vessel had been wrongfully dealt with by the German fleet, arbitration would be the only civilized way of settling it. The parallel would then be our North Sea dispute with Russia during

the Russo-Japanese War. The peculiarity of this case is, however, that Germany maintains a general right to torpedo all enemy merchantmen at sight, and the risk to American passengers is therefore incessant. If a court is to decide whether such a right exists, its exercise ought clearly to be suspended until the verdict is given. But would Germany assent to this suspension? Mr. Bryan's general theory of preventing wars by interposing a year's delay in every dispute breaks down in such an urgent case as this.

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MR. BRYAN'S resignation will have two curiously opposite effects. In the first place, it must serve to emphasize any warning phrases which there may be in the Wilson note. It is a caution to Germany that the President and his colleagues mean business, and if Germany refuses the right of free travel on the seas to American citizens, may pass from words to deeds. So far, its effect will be salutary. On the other hand, it may make some cleavage in American opinion. Mr. Bryan's courage and sincerity have always been evident to all the world. His eloquence seems to us a little crude, and his grasp of realities slack. But the fact remains that his type of mind appeals to sections of the American democracy. He will not make factious opposition to the President, but his manifesto, declaring for further negotiations with Germany, enrolling himself as "a humble follower of the Prince of Peace," and calling on America to keep out of the struggle, shows that he is inclined to action. The probability is now, we think, that diplomatic relations with Germany may be broken off, though without an immediate intention to wage war. The real crisis would come if the "Lusitania" incident were repeated. The American fleet, which was about to visit the Pacific, has been ordered not to leave the Atlantic.

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THE Bill establishing the new Ministry of Munitions has passed through Parliament, but only after the House of Commons, in two sittings, had reduced it to an "administrative" measure, eliminating from it the chance of using it for the compulsion of labor. The critics fastened on a very wide Order in Council setting out the scope of the new Ministry's functions. From this the House drew back in alarm, and Liberal, Radical, and Nationalist members united in insisting that the Bill must not be used as a bye-path to forced labor. Mr. Hobhouse, Postmaster-General in the late Cabinet, markedly associated himself with this protest, and it proved irresistible. The word "administrative" was inserted, and this, of course, bars out any meddling with workmen's contracts. Some disciplinary powers, no doubt, reside in the Defence of the Realm Act, but they cannot go very far. The Prime Minister, while insisting that the Bill had no sinister intention, was careful to acknowledge the "admirable spirit" of the House's criticism, and its useful effect on the Bill. Altogether, a great victory for the Parliamentary spirit—only a little marred by a rather tactless sniping at Ministers for pooling their salaries. On Thursday Mr. Lloyd George had a promising interview with eighty delegates of trade unions who had attended the Treasury Conference in March. The delegates passed a resolution empowering the National Committee to press on the supply of munitions without detriment to the workers' interests.

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On Thursday, Mr. Runciman gave a brilliant survey of the economic situation at home, and of the special work of the Board of Trade in dealing with it. His statement showed that he has taken vigorous steps to keep up our supplies of wheat and meat, in the latter of which he

had effected a quite successful corner. He was confident that the decline in wheat prices would continue as the result of the coming harvest, and he gave an interesting account of his dealings with the South American meat trade, which he hoped would keep prices down. But he called for economy in our summer consumption. On coal he admitted gross exploitation, both in price and in quality, and said, firmly, that the Government would check it. He hoped to have an arrangement as to pithead prices. But we doubt whether this measure will in itself meet the difficulty of local shortages and of high prices in districts remote from the collieries. It is vital to the country to keep its coal as abundant and as cheap as possible.

THE difficulty which threatened the break-up of the Coalition Cabinet has disappeared. Mr. Campbell has resigned his chance of the Irish Lord Chancellorship and the present Home Rule Lord Chancellor retains his place. The Opposition obtains a Unionist Attorney-General, the rest of the law offices and the Viceroyalty remaining in Home Rule hands. The Nationalists have agreed to accept this one breach in the legal administration of a Home Rule Ireland—a great concession. The Coalition therefore stands, and will, we hope, now justify itself as an organ of national unity and force.

MR. CHURCHILL delivered a brilliant speech at Dundee on Saturday last, full of confidence, but too much an *apologia* for his Admiralty administration. He insisted that he had carried out the duty laid on him by the Prime Minister in 1911 "to put the Fleet in a state of instant and constant readiness for war" in case of German attack. This is something of a reflection on Mr. McKenna, who is thought to have made it ready before, and to have had considerable help from Lord Fisher. Mr. Churchill's comment on the Dardanelles Expedition was one of unbounded confidence. There would be losses, heavy and cruel, but the fleet employed was a surplus fleet, and our forces were within a few miles of victory. That is true, but those few miles cover the crux of the expedition. A general who sits down before a fortress is within a few physical miles of his object, but may not be near his real goal.

As for terms of service, Mr. Churchill thought compulsion was not necessary, and would be unwise now that we were on the high road to getting three millions voluntarily. But home defence stood on a different footing, and the home nation must be "organized," or "socialized" in order to beat our ruthless foe. He hinted at secret sittings of the House of Commons—a suggestion repudiated by the Prime Minister on Thursday—denounced press criticism of the Government, and thought that the newspapers ought not to be allowed to "attack the responsible leaders of the nation." Such phrases are far too wide. They equally cover fair and unfair, helpful and harmful, criticism. It is not for Ministers to suggest further repression. They have ample powers and a virtually united people. It is their business to keep the country strong and one.

THE change of Ministers at the Admiralty has offered a suitable occasion for revising the policy of discrimination which had been adopted against prisoners from German submarines. In reporting the destruction of one of these craft, and the capture of its crew, Mr. Balfour announced the new departure in Parliament on Wednesday. Henceforth, without prejudice to any punitive measures after the war, submarine prisoners will be treated exactly like any others. It had been generally

recognized that this attempt to discriminate was a mistake. Its only effect was to set up the much harsher measures of reprisal which the Germans adopted against perfectly innocent British captives. It is futile to attempt to compete with Germany in severities, and we doubt whether any measures of reprisal, whether in the use of gas or against prisoners, are likely to turn to our advantage. We think that the submarine prisoners should have been deprived of such merely honorary distinctions as military salutes. But there should have been nothing penal.

THE outlook in the cotton industry is ominous, though not desperate. Great hopes had been founded on the intervention of the Board of Trade, and their failure has caused general disappointment. The quarrel is becoming steadily wider in its scope. It began with a demand from the Cardroom Amalgamation for a war bonus; the refusal of this led to strikes at certain mills. The employers replied with the threat of a general lock-out, thus involving all the other unions in the conflict. The spinners regarded this as a declaration of war, and prepared counter claims of their own. The original question has thus become complicated, and unless some accommodation can be reached, some three hundred mills will be closed by the end of this week. It is said that the employers are prepared to discuss terms if the card-room operatives will return to work. The men's representatives met the General Federation of Trade Unions on Thursday. The history of this unhappy dispute is a sufficient warning to avoid light talk about forced labor.

SERBIAN forces are penetrating Northern Albania by two routes, in one direction towards Scutari, and in the other through Elbasan to Durazzo. Some of the border tribes were said some months ago to have attacked Serbian territory, but this raiding was punished at the time, and the present movements are far from the scene of those encounters. Such central Government as Albania possesses is not now Austrophil, for Essad Pasha is a strong partisan of Italy. Albania received from the Powers the status of a perpetually neutral principality, and, apart from the action of some lawless border tribes, it has observed neutrality during the war. While we cannot rate highly the capacity of the Albanians for immediate self-government, we hope they will not be partitioned among their Balkan neighbors, and Sir Edward Grey's plea for the national rights of the people of Scutari still holds good. If some sort of protectorate over Albania is essential for a time, we would rather see it conferred on a people of much older civilization. The secular feud between Albanians and Serbians would make friendly dealing almost impossible. An Italian protectorate would be a more promising experiment, and if Italy were to control the Adriatic coast here, it might be easier for her to be generous over the national claims of the Serbians in Dalmatia.

DURING the last week an Irish writer has been sent to prison for six months for making statements prejudicial to recruiting; yet the most powerful newspaper proprietor in the country has used all the resources at his disposal to discourage recruiting with absolute impunity. Surely this kind of inequality in our justice goes far to explain the suspicion with which the people are apt to regard Governments. If in the course of the Ulster and Labor agitations of the past few years our rulers had punished rich and powerful rebels and law-breakers, the severity with which humbler folk have been dealt with would wear a different look.

## Politics and Affairs.

### A WRONG WAY AND A RIGHT.

It was inevitable that with the suspension of the party system Parliament should come back to power. The House of Commons is not a Reichstag; it is a sovereign assembly, by whose will Ministries ultimately stand or fall. A new Government has come into being, not made by it or by the electors, or ruled by the accustomed devices for maintaining unity and consistency of opinion. What is its policy? No one knows. It has an *aim*, which is a national one—the prosecution of the war. It has been suspected, through the utterance of one or two of its members, of favoring a *method* of attaining this great purpose, which is alien from the spirit of the people and the character of their institutions. Recourse to the familiar weapon of debate and interrogation has, we think, made it clear that Mr. Lloyd George's approval of the principle of forced labor, as applied to the manufacture of war munitions, in no sense reflects the councils of the Coalition Cabinet. That is an important and immensely satisfactory result. In our view, no Government, brought into being merely by the fiat of the Prime Minister, could act in a sense contrary to the meaning of the Constitution. Necessity, we admit, is an overmastering law. But each nation has its separate measure of where necessity begins and ends. With us, soldiering and labor are both free. The State, not being in danger of dissolution or mortal hurt, cannot, at a stroke, abolish both or one of these vital relationships with its subjects without consulting them, or by an authority in no way resembling a representative power, or framed, as in this instance, in contradiction of the usual mode of representation. The Coalition Government did not, we are happy to believe, contemplate any such policy. But the House of Commons has put it out of their power to effect so great a change by way of a measure framed with an entirely different object. The Munitions Bill is an administrative device. It is intended, in the Prime Minister's words, to "co-ordinate" the business of making shells and other implements of war and of bringing together every bit of separate mechanism into a firmly connected whole. Mr. Lloyd George's energy and initiative are well suited to the task of getting the necessary "move on." There his function ends.

It is, in our view, impossible either to introduce forced military service or to mix military and industrial law. Even if it were right to Prussianize our workmen at all, it would be impossible at a time like this to thrust such a ramrod into the existing fabric of factory and sanitary legislation and trade union custom. In the case of Germany, a very different kind of education has been applied to a very different people. Her military system in particular is the growth of centuries; we should be called upon to adapt many of its features and much of its spirit in the midst of a great war to which we had applied our own voluntary system so brilliantly as to secure a levy of about three millions of soldiers and sailors. In such a process we should arrive at no great unified force, such as is wielded by von Hinden-

burg or von Kluck. Mr. Belloc calculates that the presence of even one million conscripts among two million volunteers would make a bad military situation. But we have raised many more than two million soldiers. We have, indeed, either reached or closely approached the maximum force which we can spare, if we are to fulfil our immense industrial and financial responsibilities. We could therefore only furnish a mere fringe of conscripts to the great voluntary armies already in the field or on the way to it. This fringe would be brought in under a stigma of shame or inferiority, by great pressure, expense, and delay, and amid obstinate resistance in Parliament and the country. In a word, the material result would be very poor and small. The moral result would be so bad, so disabling to the great factor on which we rely—the unity and enthusiasm of our people—that only a gambler in statesmanship would care to risk it.

Equally cogent are the reasons against a resort to forced labor, implying as it does a scheme for the transference of workmen from one centre to another, and the placing of munition factories under martial law. This would mean a virtual suspension of trade unionism, both as an instrument in collective bargaining and an indirect protection for the worker's life and limb. The branch of a trade union is a kind of workman's agency for insuring him, with the aid of the law, for as long a life as the conditions of his labor will allow. Already this supervision has been relaxed. The workman has been working harder and longer than he usually works. He would have worked harder and longer still if he had been assured from the beginning that he was working for his country and not for a war bonus to his employers; if, in a word, being asked to think of himself as a soldier he had had the soldier's undivided obedience and single call of honor and patriotism, and had been encouraged to look to his natural officers and associates to cheer him on to his place in the battle. It was not his fault that this spur was lacking. And he is bound to be unsympathetic, and even, we fear, recalcitrant, if the problem of a defect of munitions, for which he is not responsible, is presented to him in guise of a threat to enrol him, for inveterate "slacking," as a conscript, and to thrust aside the protective arm of his organizations.

The truth is that the difficulty should be, and can be, approached from a precisely opposite point of view. We have to deal with a smallish minority, made up, let us say, of not too efficient or sober men, who are not heartless or unpatriotic so much as unimaginative and distrustful, lacking, too, it may be, in character and physical grit. This class is not confined to workers. In a rich country like ours, living on its "means," it exists among Mr. George's old enemies the idle rich, as well as among the shirking poor. This "residuum" are not at any time the most amenable to discipline. But discipline we must have if the whole force of the country—its wealth, its physical strength, its moral power—is to be devoted to the end which has really seized its imagination, the freeing of the life of the world from murder by military force. This passion for freedom can be sustained and

heightened; all that is wanted is for our National Government to realize that here is truly "national" ground, on which all that is best and most generous in the British character will stand firm by the armies in the field. Now the voluntary principle, which so largely governs our national life, teaches us that discipline can best be exercised by a man's friends, not by those whom he may suspect to be his enemies. Are we prepared to empower the trade unions to keep order in the workshop and to preserve the high tension necessary to speed up the organization of supplies for the war? The matter is not without difficulty; but Mr. George's interview with the trade union delegates on Thursday showed a willingness both to surrender disabling functions and to take responsibility for a great increase of output. It ought not to be impossible to frame a scheme giving the trade unions a joint power of disciplinary control over the workmen with the capitalist management of a factory. Let our statesmen see what can be done by the appeal to reason. They will gain nothing by the call of force.

#### THE NECESSITY FOR SAVING.

ABSORPTION in the military situation has hitherto prevented the nation from realizing the not less critical financial situation which immediately confronts us. Mr. George, in his Budget speech, disclosed the stupendous size of the expenditure we should be called upon to meet in a full year of war. But he did not bring home to the ordinary citizen the intensity of the efforts and sacrifices which must devolve on every class of the community if we are to meet these obligations. Out of the current income of the nation, assisted by such borrowing as can be effected from America, the only country in a position to lend, we have to find a sum estimated at some 1,100 millions. After existing revenue on the new war-tax basis is taken into full account, the deficit which we are called upon to meet amounts to about 860 millions, or if we add fifty millions in respect of the large advance which, it is understood, we are making to Italy, a sum of 910 millions.

Now it is necessary at the outset to dispel the popular delusion that this immense cost can be defrayed out of the past or future savings of the nation. We cannot meet this bill to any very large extent by realizing the great mass of wealth we own in the shape of securities, nor can we thrust the burden on posterity by borrowing. It is true that if there were a market for a quarter of the foreign investments held in this country, the sale of these securities would suffice to furnish the whole sum needed, provided the Government could commandeer or borrow the purchase money from the recipients. But no such realization of national savings is feasible. The maximum rate at which foreign securities could safely be absorbed by the American market cannot be put at more than 250 millions in a year. The great mass of the deficit, therefore, must be met out of the current income of our people. Now a considerable sum, amounting perhaps to 250 millions, is available out of the floating capital in the hands of bankers and financiers for taking up and renewing Treasury Bills. This sum, however, it must be borne in mind, includes a large amount of

bank-balances, which would otherwise be available for taking up the new War Loan that will also be necessary. Again, how much money can be got by voluntary subscription to a war loan during this year partly depends upon how far war-profits and other incomes are cut into by further taxation. It is admitted that enormous profits are being made by the shipping and shipbuilding industries, by mining companies and coal merchants, and by munition and "khaki" trades in general. It ought to be possible for the Government to take by special taxation two-thirds of these "war profits," thus furnishing a contribution of considerably over a hundred millions. By these methods our deficit might thus be reduced to a round sum of some five hundred millions.

Now what proportion of this sum can be raised this year by a voluntary war loan? Many persons cheerfully assume that by offering  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or, at the extreme limit, 5 per cent. interest, the whole of the amount would easily be forthcoming. But then, looking to ordinary times, they are assuming that persons who desire to subscribe the war loan can sell existing securities and apply the proceeds to buying war scrip. But this is just what they will not be able to do at the present time. Virtually, the whole of the money available for subscribing the war loan must come out of the current income of the nation. Now, the total income of our income-tax paying class in ordinary times amounts to a little over 900 millions. It has probably been reduced somewhat by the war, and 100 millions will already have been taken from it in taxation: 800 millions is, therefore, a maximum estimate of the total resources of the income-paying classes. Bearing in mind the fact that out of the savings of this class provision must be made for much capital expenditure involved in adapting industry to the new war requirements, it is impossible to suppose that more than half of the reduced deficit of 500 millions could be obtained by ordinary patriotic appeals for subscriptions to a war loan. To suggest that the whole could so be obtained is manifestly absurd.

It therefore seems likely that a very large gap of between two and three hundred millions will still remain to be filled in. Can this be found by encouraging and facilitating the investment of the smaller savings of the working and lower-middle classes in the new war loan? Such a course, as "A Banker" suggests in his powerful letter to the "Times" of Wednesday last, would be highly advantageous both for the State and for the small investor. It is tolerably certain that a considerable contribution might be got by personal appeals to the patriotism of those workers in the better-paid trades which are yielding full employment, higher wages, and overtime. For there is much evidence to show that large sections of the workers are earning more money than is compensated by the rise of prices, and are therefore in a position to effect considerable savings. But no habit is more difficult to start than saving. At present, these higher wages are being freely spent, often in ways which, however innocent, do not lead to increased efficiency. If it were possible to divert them into a war loan, our problem might, in large part at any rate, be solved. The attempt to float a necessarily huge war-loan on a basis of voluntary appeal ought to be made, and without delay.

For three months of the current year are nearly gone, and the longer the financial decision is deferred the graver the difficulty and the heavier the burden.

If, however, such voluntary appeals do not meet with a sufficient response, only two courses remain open—more taxation and a forced loan. No doubt the first impulse of some of our new Ministers, and of many of their followers in the country, will be towards the adoption of indirect taxation in the shape of high import duties. Protectionists will seem to see their opportunity. But quite apart from the general folly of an abandonment of free imports at a time when the very life of the nation is dependent upon over-seas supplies, and the chief efforts of our Navy are directed to protecting them, the effect of such taxation in further enhancing the price of the necessities of life for the workers would render its adoption, even as a war measure, inconceivable. Moreover, there would be no reason to believe that the deficit could be met by taxation so incalculable in its yield. The final issue, therefore, would turn upon the question whether to seek to raise the final sum required by further direct taxation or by a compulsory levy for a fresh war loan. In either case it seems evident that the whole of the money could not be obtained from the wealthy or the middle-classes, who are already *ex hypothesi* subjected to high war taxation and to contributions for the voluntary loans. Some considerable share would have to come from the better-to-do working classes. Now it would be far better, both in an economic and a political sense, that this contribution should take the shape of an interest-bearing loan than of direct taxation of wages. If financial compulsion be found necessary in the last resort, the attachment of the income by the State would involve far less trouble and resentment if it were taken in a way which would give the workers a permanent interest in the fabric of national finance than if a crude attempt to tax wages were resorted to.

"A Banker" opened up other important aspects of the same problem, in particular the necessity our nation is under of paying for the large balance of imports over exports, without submitting to the disastrous course of exporting the gold that is needed to support our currency at home, or of ruining the credit of London as the financial centre of the world. Now, whether the problem be thus envisaged in terms of the necessity of reducing this adverse trade balance, or as the more direct one of meeting the huge deficit in our national finance, the political issue is the same. We must diminish the consumption of our ordinary civil population, and increase its savings to the extent of several hundreds of millions of pounds. In other words, we can produce the required munitions and other supplies for our forces and the forces of our Allies in no other way than by ceasing to consume luxuries and unnecessaries, and so diverting into the increased production of war materials and supplies the productive energy thus "saved." Every class will be required to undergo what it will regard as heavy sacrifices in its "standard of comfort," if the financial needs of this war are to be met. Private motor-cars, expensive and pleasurable holidays, consumption of alcohol and tobacco, smart clothes, literature, education, and

philanthropy, to name a few among the many objects of expenditure, must largely disappear. Everybody must be forced to realize that every pound expended upon these or any other forms of luxury or satisfaction, means a pound's less production of arms, or ammunition, or war-stores, or of the means to buy them from abroad. In a word, England has got to put herself on a financial war-basis by devoting the whole of her organized economic resources to the support of the war, by furnishing munitions and other supplies in the largest available quantities, and by cutting down the "civil" expenditure and consumption of the nation to the lowest level compatible with efficient industrial service. Our national finance must be directed to stimulate and in the last resort to compel this necessary economy.

#### HOW TO UNITE THE NATION.

A LETTER from the Head Master of Marlborough in the "Times" the other day illustrates very well one capital difficulty in the way of the moral union of the nation. The writer alleged that in the elementary schools the children are not taught the discipline that is made such a feature of education in the secondary schools, and he went on to cite as a proof of the value of such training the proud record of the public schools in the roll of honor. Either the writer is unaware of the simple facts of recruiting for the new army, or else he applies one standard of discipline to one class and another to another. The public schools have done admirably in the raising of the new armies; but have the trade unions done less well? Has the Miners' Federation, for example, sent a smaller percentage to the colors than any public school? Are they worse soldiers, less brave, less loyal, less self-sacrificing? It must be remembered in this connection that the officer class in time of peace is educated at the public schools, and that if any true comparison is to be drawn, we must look to the new armies and to the men who have changed their plans, or left other occupations for the war. And here we surely find that the same thing is true both of the public school class and the working classes, that the needs of the nation have awakened a noble and instant response, and that whatever else in our circumstances and conduct may cause us misgiving and shame, the readiness of men and women in all classes to make this great sacrifice, to undertake this simple and terrible duty, has been such as to make every Briton proud of his country and confident for her future. It is only ignorant prejudice that can be blind to the remarkable achievements in this respect of the class which is accused of recognizing no claims but those of its own pleasure.

Unfortunately, there are other demands on the patriotism and statesmanship of a people engaged in such a conflict as this, and the roll of honor says nothing of the way in which they are met. Where war brings revolution into men's lives, its fierce summons is answered with complete forgetfulness of self. It is when war does not bring this revolution, when it reproduces rather the conditions of peace, where we all do our daily work as usual, that men find themselves still in the twilight, still doubtful about trusting each other, still wondering about

each other's motives, still unable to forget everything but the war. And when we come to this side of the question, we find that what the upper classes think about the working classes is precisely what the working classes think about the upper classes. The upper classes point to strikes, war bonuses, and the rest; the working classes to high profits, contractors' scandals, unregulated prices, the spirit in which politicians divide the spoils of office, the inequalities in the treatment of rich and poor law-breakers. It is in war as in peace. The upper classes said that the poor were only taught to think of themselves, and that consequently there were riots, strikes, and careers like those of Mr. Larkin; the working classes asked what sense of discipline controlled the public schools class in the Ulster affair, or what sort of sense for equity and the traditions and decencies of public life rewarded rebels who were rich and punished rebels who were poor.

This class quarrel is inevitable in a society such as ours until some radical changes are made in its social and industrial structure. The question now is whether it is to be allowed to increase and prolong our perils, to aggravate all the ruin and havoc of the war, and to add long months to the misery of the trenches and to all the horrors that are torturing the bodies and the imaginations of mankind. If we cannot keep it so far in check, then we do not deserve to win the war, for we are betraying every cause that we profess to serve. If the Government cannot secure this working co-operation, sufficient mutual trust to enable the nation to collect and exert its strength, then there is something radically wrong either with the Government or with the nation. For our own part, we shall refuse to despair of the nation until the Government have taken the necessary measures to show that they have the courage and imagination necessary for leadership. To lead a nation, you must make men believe that you are not yourself being led. To call out its best energies you must make men realize that this is the spirit in which everybody is acting and that they are being asked to serve the nation and not some private interest; to command its assent for measures of discipline, you must prove that that discipline is not merely class tyranny in another form. Mr. Lloyd George talks of the drastic measures of the Revolutionary Governments in France. Yes, but he forgets that these Governments had given the most convincing proof that the rich and powerful classes enjoyed no special favor before the law.

Let us look at a few specific cases in which the Government can give the necessary impression of a desire for justice and a vigorous and absolutely impartial public spirit.

1. War profits should surely be subject to special taxation. No honest man desires to profit by the war. The nation's distress and crisis are the occasion for a united effort to bear the burden equally, and to reject all accidental private advantage. The making of war profits are here and there unavoidable. Their taxation is plainly equitable.

2. Some months ago the Government took a step which should have been taken a good deal earlier, and appointed a Committee, admirably equipped for its task,

to advise on the rise of the retail price of coal. This Committee reported that prices had risen without relation to the cost of production, and that the total rise in the cost of production and distribution had been at most 3s. per ton, whereas the price to the consumer had risen above normal winter prices by an amount varying from 7s. to 11s. per ton. That is, the poor man who was paying a crushing price for his coal had the satisfaction of knowing that that price included a large surplus above ordinary profits. Moreover, the Committee brought to light certain iniquitous and fraudulent proceedings. "We may add that certain coalowners have during recent months made a practice of reducing their deliveries under contract, on the ground of reduction of output at their collieries. Putting on one side the question whether these abatements in deliveries were not actually greater in many cases than the diminution of supply, we have grave doubts concerning the legality of making any abatement at all, so long as the output is sufficient to satisfy the contract; and we cannot but regard such a transaction as highly questionable when it enables the coalowner to sell a larger quantity of 'free coal' at the greatly enhanced prices due to a national emergency." Thus we have in the case of this industry a very grave example of the exploiting of the necessities of the nation by a very powerful private interest. The Committee made several recommendations, and urged that if prices did not shortly return to a reasonable level, the Government should consider a scheme for assuming control of the output of collieries during the continuance of the war. This step was clearly necessary long ago. From Mr. Runciman's answers in the House of Commons on Tuesday, and his interesting speech on the following Thursday, it appears that the Board of Trade are now negotiating with the coalowners on a proposal to fix pit-head prices. The best plan surely would be for the Government to make itself responsible for output and distribution, so as to ensure an effective supply to each part of the country that wants coal. At present the upper classes are apt to think of the high price of coal as the result of the miners' war bonus, a conclusion which puts the cart before the horse, while the working classes are embittered by the belief that the Government have allowed them to be fleeced without showing much concern for their fate. Moreover, coal is the ammunition of our industries, and a shortage just now is preparing a terrible dearth of work and rise of prices hereafter. Mr. Runciman is sanguine about the price of coal next winter, but from the report just issued it seems clear that there must be a deficiency of coal, and it is doubtful whether any measure short of a control of output will be a sufficient safeguard against the depredations described by the Board of Trade Committee. We see that this week the Bradford City Council have recommended this course.

3. It is clear to everybody that agriculture is become an industry of vital importance. With stock decreasing, a great deal of land uncultivated or undercultivated, with a certain shortage of the world's harvest, and a possible extension of the power of submarines to curtail our own supply, we are face to face with the danger of high prices of food in the near future and after the war. What is the nation doing to protect this urgent interest, to see that crops are being sown, that the greatest use is being made

of the land, that the harvests are going to be reaped, that, in short, agriculture is going to be treated as if it concerned the nation, and not merely the farmers? One thing has been done. At a time when there are still laborers being paid fifteen shillings a week, the Government have told the farmers that they can take the children from the schools. Mr. Hall has shown in the "Times" that this policy of encouraging cheap labor is fatal to agriculture.

4. "A Banker" writes to the papers observing, justly, that what we have to do is to cut off luxury expenditure, and he regrets that the war bonuses have largely missed the poorest classes, whose increased expenditure would divert to necessities money now spent on luxuries. Whose fault is that? Could not the Trade Boards be instructed to revise their rates, and a living wage enforced in every case where a Government contract is let or sub-let? The Government is a very large employer of cheap labor, and when pressed to grant a war bonus a Minister replied that the fact of a rise in prices was not a reason for granting it.

In these several ways the Government could remove an impression which may disorganize the spirit of the nation. It is untrue to suggest that the working-classes are indifferent to the national fortunes. In the columns of the "Cotton Factory Times," side by side with the workmen's deliberations for their class struggle, we read of their losses at the front; almost every little town recording the death of soldiers from this or that mill. There is no gulf here between the factory and the trenches; the workman yesterday is the soldier to-day; the soldier to-day will be the workman to-morrow. We are far from saying that the working classes, or any body of working men, are always self-restrained or moderate, or that they have never been to blame during these critical months. Who could say that of any class? But we do most sincerely believe that if the Government will trust them, will take them into its confidence, and will appeal to them, there will be no difficulty in persuading labor, which has made great sacrifices already, in Mr. Lloyd George's words, "to pull with the Government." And that appeal must come from a Government that can show that if it asks the working classes to think first of the nation, it is determined for its own part to put the nation before the most powerful private interests.

#### MR. BRYAN.

ADDRESSING the British delegates on the Treaty of Ghent celebration in May, 1913, Mr. Bryan declared that there would be no war while he was Secretary of State. This prophecy he has now fulfilled. Though his resignation may hereafter turn out to be an event of some importance in the history of the Democratic Party, its immediate significance is merely personal. Though party exigencies, even in this country, sometimes place in high administrative offices exceedingly inappropriate men, it would hardly be possible anywhere else than in America for the conduct of foreign affairs to pass into hands so ill-qualified as those of Mr. Bryan. He has travelled in many lands and enjoyed opportunities of

intercourse with many persons of importance in the wider world. But Mr. Bryan remains to-day in essentials the illuminated peasant who nineteen years ago stampeded the St. Louis Convention with his "Cross of Gold" rhetoric. All his skill and experience in party management and the construction of platforms have never made him a practical statesman. His admirers, indeed, have claimed for him that he was the first, if not to formulate, at any rate to popularize, the attacks upon the Trusts and the Money Power, the federal control of railroads, Tariff Reform, and other projects which Mr. Roosevelt has exploited for his Progressive party, or which Mr. Wilson has carried forward into legislation. But it belongs to the type of American for which Mr. Bryan stands that his projects hardly ever pass beyond the stage of ideas. The Middle-West breeds numbers of such idealists, men of robust physique, great will power, immense enthusiasm, but limited intelligence. A natural gift of eloquence lifted Mr. Bryan above his fellows, but his exploitation as lecturer and politician only confirmed his mind in the narrow mould of Nebraskan culture. These middle States are the present repositories of the older Puritan traditions which have almost disappeared from New England, and which, stripped of the old austerities and endowed with more religious tolerance, are found in the little towns of Iowa, Nebraska, or Wisconsin.

It would, however, be unsafe to assume that Mr. Bryan's extreme pacifism is widely prevalent even among those farming communities. Mr. Roosevelt's Cromwellian note of appeal to a high-handed righteousness would perhaps better fit the common temper of "good Americans," there as elsewhere. It may be doubted, therefore, whether any appreciable fraction of the nation stands with Mr. Bryan in his attitude upon the Note to Germany. It is the attitude of a man who has never brought what he calls his "principles" into organic relation with the art of statesmanship. Such a man ought not to enter office, for in doing so he is bound to place in jeopardy some of his stock of principles. This indeed is particularly applicable to the post Mr. Bryan held, where the responsibility of entering war always remains a possibility. During the last ten months Mr. Bryan's conscience must have been continually on tenterhooks. Indeed, it remains a mystery how he brought himself to assent to the last Note to Germany, which amid all its urbanity contained the deadly barb that it is believed will be pressed home in the Note just delivered, the virtual demand that Germany shall formally renounce her submarine campaign against all vessels, of whatever nationality, that may contain American citizens. Perhaps the decorative language imposed upon him. At any rate, it is difficult to regard the demands to which Mr. Bryan objects as anything else than the inevitable sequel of the former Note. But for a high-minded, loose-thinking man like Mr. Bryan, such logic has small significance. He has stumped the country for too many years with his prize orations on "The Prince of Peace," to acquiesce in a decision which may involve the Secretary of State in the active prosecution of a war.

## A London Diary.

If the Coalition will only coalesce rather more perceptibly, I think the House of Commons will be willing enough to bid it God-speed. We had a proof of this benevolent temper in the collapse, at Tuesday's sitting, of an ill-considered attempt to arraign Ministers for sharing one another's salaries. In a sense, this revolt against the revolvers was almost as important a political symptom as the earlier and equally spontaneous raising of the danger-signals against conscript labor—one of the most decisive vindications of the value of free debate of which we have had experience in recent times. Unfortunately, the mixed elements on the Treasury Bench seem unable to react to the encircling atmosphere. On the bench itself, the mingling is carefully and even symmetrically arranged—now a Liberal and now a Unionist, streak by streak, layer after layer, and color upon color. Yet there is a lack of cohesion in the mixture. Group meetings have persisted, in which the sheep of one Ministerial section have had no part with the goats of another. Probably those manifestations are a passing phase, due in the past week to the luckless episode, now happily past, of the Irish Lord Chancellorship.

AND here comes in the great question of the use and limits of criticism. Criticism there must be, unless the doors of the House of Commons are to be shut, and a certain "bauble" on the table removed to the cellarage. In a few hours, as I have said, the kind of side-long movement to forced service has been arrested, and the Munitions Bill put into the form in which everyone can accept it. Is not the Prime Minister right in suggesting that this is a great public service? But, then, the Parliament must march with the nation, and rise above a riot of petty domesticity. The general tide of feeling is, I think, good and fine. There is a wounded sentiment among the Liberals, to which Mr. Sherwell's letter to the Whips gave, I think, very necessary expression, and as the speeches of representative men like Sir Thomas Whittaker, sufficiently showed, a grave resentment of anything like conscription. But nothing, or very little, that can be called "factious" by any Minister who realizes the facts of political life, and interprets them with average patience and goodwill.

I AM not sure that it is to the good of debate to have so many Liberal ex-Ministers and Privy Councillors bedded-out on the Front Opposition Bench. In proportion to their Unionist colleagues, they number about five to one. Among them are men of great experience and distinguished talent, some of whom, as back-benchers, have been accustomed to find a ready opening in debate without risk of being twitted on the supposed advantages of a quasi-official position. It is one of the drawbacks of the new arrangement that those seniors, though bound together by no tie of common responsibility, must suffer from the inextricable associations of the place in which they now sit. When one of them has spoken, the House, through force of habit, expects the

rest to keep silent. Eventually no doubt this convention will break down, just as it did in the days when Gladstone and Chamberlain were fighting their mighty duels under similar conditions. Meanwhile, it is possible to enjoy the irony of a situation in which Mr. Chaplin is enabled to visualize himself as the spokesman of the unuttered thoughts of Sir Thomas Whittaker or Sir James Dougherty.

THERE was an engaging quality of cheerful manliness which has pleased the readers of Mr. Churchill's Dundee speech—even those who opened their eyes at the spectacle of a First Lord pointing to his own portrait as the savior of the fleets, and commending and describing a great expedition as if it were his pet child. That the ghost of Gladstone should not have visibly arisen to rebuke the splendid audacity of this innovation is enough to qualify one's belief in the immortality of the soul. Lord Kitchener was indeed allowed to have his say in the matter, though I wonder whether his part was described with the fullness of absolute precision. What is not at all doubtful is Mr. Churchill's warning to the press. "You must not criticize US" is surely a remarkable extension of the Censorship. Mr. Churchill has already been effectively criticized. He has lost a great public position. But at the proper time, the country will have to know a great deal more than it knows to-day as to the Antwerp Expedition and the way in which the adventure in the Dardanelles was set on foot. These (and kindred) events were at the root of the change of Government, and though this is not the moment to unveil them, they cannot be buried for ever in Admirals' reports and Cabinet memoranda.

It is not surprising to hear that the Prime Minister was greatly impressed with his visit to the army. He and other observers, and not less notably the officers themselves, have one tale to tell about our soldiers—their astonishing good spirits, humor, vivacity, undaunted by losses or calculations about the length of the war and the obstacles to be overcome. Indeed, it is our grimness and querulousness which surprise them, just as much as their buoyancy astonishes us. Warriors come to town for a spell, run the round of London sights, and scoff at the Puritan gloom that frowns down a laugh at the theatre or the music-hall. Life lived under the great shadow throws up a light from within that we don't possess.

MR. BRYAN is a great factor in American politics, and it would be equally unwise and discourteous to treat his retirement in any other spirit. He is also a fine and charming personality, if only for the reason that he must be the most thoroughgoing and unrepentant idealist in politics. I recall an impromptu dinner-table sketch of his as to the way to run the British Empire; not only for its freshness, but for my impression of the rising of a very distinguished pair of eyebrows as the spirited improvisation went on. Its sincerity, as well as its truth in the large, one could not doubt. But one did not quite envisage its author as a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

FROM the Front.—Scene: Improvised sing-song, to which a number of German prisoners were admitted as a special favor. Officer running it returns after a brief absence to find the Sergeant left in control of the programme announcing the following "item"—"Our friends Fritz and 'Ans will now oblige with the 'Ymn of 'Ate."

THE foreign correspondent from whose letters I have already quoted writes again as follows:—

"I have applied for a commission and have been for a week in Italy. The spirit there is magnificent—sober, calm, self-reliant. So far as can be ascertained, our preparations are formidable, and contemplate a long and difficult campaign. Even the most pessimistic contingencies are not lost sight of, and military and naval forces are on so large a scale that the enrolment of Volunteers has been stopped. The end is far off. Unless we strain our energies to strike Germany a heavy blow, and discredit her spirit in the eyes of her own people, and not suffer the struggle to end indecisively, we shall have to begin all over again. We are paying the price of having undervalued the German peril. We ought to have seen long ago that against a nation ruled, shaped, and inspired by Prussian militarism, arguments drawn from economic or ethical principles are useless. Heads that trust in brute force alone can only be taught by being broken by superior force."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### "WATERLOO TITS."

NEXT Friday is the centenary of Waterloo. Even in the midst of our present tremendous warfare, we shall be thinking about the battle which Victor Hugo, in his rhetorical way, called a change of front of the universe. We shall hear the story of that brilliant epilogue to the Napoleonic drama retold. We shall again discuss Napoleon's magnificent strategy, and the causes of its failure. We shall hear of Ney's fatal errors both at Quatre Bras and on the final scene; of the contradictory orders which reached D'Erlon on the 16th, and kept his corps wandering indecisively between Quatre Bras and Ligny, incapable of helping to crush the British at the one point or the Prussians at the other; of Grouchy's equally disastrous mistake in losing touch with Blücher's retirement from Ligny, and so allowing him, unchecked, to strike the final blow upon Napoleon's right at Waterloo. And on the 18th itself, we shall again follow the successive phases of the conflict. We shall dispute whether it was the drenched ground or Napoleon's somnolence and ill-health which postponed the opening of his battle till nearly noon, when every minute was vital. And again we shall speak of the terrific cannonade, the prolonged struggles for Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, Ney's premature movement of the cavalry, Wellington's obstinate and clinging defence, the gradual approach of Blücher, the advance of Napoleon's Guard, Colborne's daring "right form" with the 52nd Light Infantry, at an angle from the British line, the collapse of the Guard, the chaos of victory, pursuit, and destruction.

But probably we shall hear little of the mere men who served on that day as the implements in Wellington's hand. "Waterloo Tits" they used to be called in the North of England, and it is not so very long since the last of them died. On the morning of the 18th there were about 23,000 of them (only 15,000 infantry—less than one modern division), and by the evening 6,002 (besides 380 officers) lay killed or wounded. Wellington's total force numbered between 67,000 and 70,000, and

his total losses were 15,000 (about 2,000 more than our loss at Neuve Chapelle). Compared with the huge armies now engaged, and with our own weekly lists of casualties during battles that last for months, such figures seem small; but the proportion of loss was high.

Let us take those 15,000 British infantry who, together with something under 5,000 of the "King's German Legion" (Hanoverians), composed the backbone and decisive force of Wellington's army. On waking in the mist and rain of early morning behind the further slope of the three-mile ridge called Mont St. Jean, each man arranged and put on his accoutrements of knapsack, canteen, camp-kettle, blanket, and greatcoat. In his haversack he carried biscuit for three days, but in many cases this store was probably exhausted by the previous two days of fighting and retirement. His firearm was the old "Brown Bess" ("Bess" being perhaps an endearing corruption of the Dutch "Bus," or barrel, that we find in arquebus and blunderbuss). She was the flintlock retained almost without change in our army for 150 years. She weighed 10 lbs., and the weight of the 17-inch bayonet (1 lb. 2 oz.) was to be added. Each bullet weighed a little over an ounce, and the man usually carried sixty, together with three flints. Though the bullet was inclined to wobble in the barrel, a powder charge of 6 drs. drove it with fair accuracy and effect up to 200 yards, and it was dangerous for perhaps double that distance; but the best-disciplined regiments were instructed to hold their fire till the enemy was within about twenty-five yards, or even less. The total equipment of our infantry soldier weighed about 60 lbs.—the same weight that an African carrier engages to take on his head for the day's march, and pretty much the same as the modern soldier carries, though, owing to the reduction of the rifle's calibre, he takes more than twice as many rounds of ammunition.

So equipped, Wellington's infantry rose for battle, defended those terrible farms, received the French cavalry in square, or stood waiting for the decisive issue, while Napoleon's guns—246 to the Duke's 156—splashed bounding round-shot through their ranks. As to the quality and nature of the men themselves, it is well known that the British at Waterloo were a "green army." Not many were present from the hardened troops who had known the Peninsula, and had struck for Wellington his master-stroke at Salamanca. The curious thing about Wellington's armies is that the man who spoke worst of them was the General whom they served so faithfully. In the Peninsula he described their conduct as "infamous—every kind of outrage and theft and murder."

"The French system of conscription," he said again, "brings together a fair sample of all classes; ours is composed of the scum of the earth—the mere scum of the earth. It is only wonderful that we should be able to make so much out of them afterwards. The English soldiers are fellows who have all enlisted for drink—that is the plain fact—they have all enlisted for drink."

And in conversation after his active service was over, and when, one might have supposed, distance of time had thrown its usual enchantment over memory, Wellington could still speak of his soldiers thus:—

"People talk of our soldiers enlisting for their fine military feeling. All stuff! No such thing! Some of our men enlist from having got bastard children—some for minor offences—many more for drink. But you can hardly conceive such a set brought together. I've never known officers raised from the ranks turn out well. They cannot stand drink."

Some of this depreciation must be put down to Wellington's own qualities or defects. He hated the smallest touch of romance or sentimental effusion. He

inherited the rather chilly and unsympathetic intelligence which some of the Anglo-Irish claim for their race. He believed devoutly in "blood," and towards the "lower classes" he always assumed contempt or icy indifference. Yet he himself admitted that it was wonderful what the army made of such wretched material, and, coming from him, perhaps the highest praise ever paid to the heroes of Waterloo is his brief and emphatic sentence: "No troops could have held Hougoumont but the British, and only the best of them."

That final verdict is supported by many contemporaries. Let us take one or two instances from the evidence of foreigners only. Such evidences have been collected by Captain A. F. Becke in his volumes on "Napoleon and Waterloo," lately reviewed in these columns. General von Müffling, an excellent Prussian officer, who was present at Waterloo, wrote as follows:—

"For a battle there is not, perhaps, in Europe an army equal to the British; that is to say, none whose discipline and whole military tendency is so purely and exclusively calculated for giving battle. The British soldier is vigorous, well-fed, by nature both brave and intrepid, trained to the most rigorous discipline, and admirably well-armed. The infantry resist the attacks of cavalry with great confidence, and when taken in flank or rear, British troops are less disconcerted than any other European army."

Writing within a week of the battle itself, he said further: "For coolness, bravery, and interior discipline there is nothing like the English in all Europe; but, on the other hand, they have little manœuvring power and are extremely slow." At Quatre Bras, in answer to his appeals for more rapid attack, Wellington himself had told him that you must always give the English time; they were never to be hurried.

From the French side, we have the evidence of General Foy, equally distinguished among our former enemies in the Peninsula and Belgium. He considered that for holding a defensive position there were no more redoubtable foes than the English. He eulogized their firmness under fire, as well as their fine fire-action, and stated that, in his opinion, their officers were the bravest and most patriotic in Europe. Again, writing as a gunner himself, he said:—

"The English artillerymen are especially noticeable for the fine spirit which animates them. In action their energy is suitable, their observation of events is perfect, and the courage they exhibit is stoical."

Such praises are high, and, coming from foreigners, they would not have been given unless deserved. Yet even if we mix these praises with Wellington's disparagement, we hardly form an idea of the "Waterloo Tit," as he really lived and drank and swore and fought. We can only gradually find out what he was like from contemporary letters and diaries, from such records as Kincaid's, Grattan's, and Donaldson's, or from the accounts of Sir John Moore's training of the Light Division at Shorncliffe and the behavior of his troops upon his last campaign. From such records we may compose a fairly accurate portrait of our present "Tommy's" natural ancestor—more drunken, more brutal, capable of the appalling crimes committed after the storm of Rodrigo and Badajoz, but possessing in himself the roots of all that is best and most characteristic in our present battalions—the unshaken endurance under danger and suffering, the kindly humor, and that ironic stoicism which we have before selected as the finest distinction of our men and nation. No General before the war would have dreamt of describing our Regulars as "the scum of the earth," and now that voluntary enlistment has brought men of all classes into the Regular

ranks, we have gained the one advantage which Wellington attributed to the French system. To destroy the inherited and natural character of our own troops by introducing bodies of conscripts among them in the very middle of our greatest war would be one of those hasty errors condemned by the author of that standard work upon Waterloo from which we have already quoted:—

"Probably," writes Captain Becke, "it is wiser and better to foster and strengthen those traits that are inherent to our natures and suited to our armies, than to borrow others from foreigners, which are sure to be less suited to our characteristics; and to curb the mania for imitation which occasionally seizes our people, and causes those who run and read, to run riot after strange ideas and ideals which are quite foreign to our nation."

#### WHISTLER IN WAR-TIME.

THE anonymous gentleman who has lent his large private collection of "Whistlers" for exhibition (at Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach's Gallery) for the benefit of one of the most deserving of the war relief funds, obeyed a very kindly thought. Why is it that it seems none the less incongruous to associate Whistler with such a crisis as this? One cannot make his butterfly ghost at home among us. The khaki-clad officers who turned the pages of his catalogue in the quiet grey room, did not blend with his color-scheme. His little studio sketches seemed wantonly and irritatingly frivolous. It was as if, amid a crowd of nurses in uniform, one had suddenly caught sight of the phantom of a Georgian beauty with her silks and her fan, her patches and her powder, dancing with gay steps among the wounded and the refugees. It is not that all art seems frivolous at such a time as this. If one thought that, one might turn back to Tolstoy and condemn at least all modern artists. As we entered the gallery, we saw straight in front of us the little "Sylphide," a graceful nude figure in diaphanous white-grey draperies, about to dance on a black-grey ground, posed precisely on the diagonal of a square room, and challenging the eyes with the little bit of provoking pink in her fan, and the answering bit of pink on her dim head. Our first feeling was one of surprise, of bewilderment, almost of indignation. Certainly the little figure was pretty; assuredly the grey tones were cool and restful; without a doubt, the artist who arranged the whole decorative scheme was a very clever fellow. But somehow one did not happen to want this special kind of entertainment; it clashed too offensively with the realities outside, and one said to oneself in the first mood of haste, "Really, I had forgotten that Whistler was quite such a trifler; I used not to feel so, when I went to see him years ago." Is it time that has made the change, or our own ripening years, or is it simply the atmosphere of war? We can imagine other artists who would stand the test of exhibition in war-time, without exciting this sense of irritation. If a peasant group by Millet had greeted our eyes at entry instead of "Sylphide," we should have felt no incongruity. If we had gazed instead at a stable by Morland, or a leafy English landscape by Constable, we should have felt no shock. We had in our ears during that day some haunting memories from Beethoven's piano sonatas, and they blended readily with all its experiences and moods. But in these days the automatic music-maker in our subconscious mind never plays "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," nor is it much given to "Don Giovanni." There is some principle in all this selection. Some art will stand the test of war-time, and we are rather disposed to think that the test is of more than momentary validity. Is the art

which seems trivial in war really good enough to amuse us in peace?

If all of the "Whistler's" in this collection had impressed us in the same way, it might have been difficult to arrive at any understanding with the captious and irritable critic within us. Some of it was a great deal worse than the "Sylphide." She at least was certainly pretty, and she was an indisputable achievement in painting. But the endless variations on the same nude model, painted for the sake of a bit of light or color in her floating draperies, some of the little street scenes, the vulgar young man with the guitar, and the pretty pastel called "May," all affected us with the same impatience. They were studio sketches; they were the work of a very vain and very self-conscious artist, showing us what he could do with paint. They were mere virtuosity, and they irritated as even the nightingale may do in these June evenings, when he carries his trill to pretentious lengths. Some other sketches, and they were quite minor bits of work, affected us otherwise. The best of them were seascapes—a little scene called "The Bathing Posts" on the shore of Brittany, a "note in grey-and-silver" called "The Oyster Fleet," and one in "gold-and-grey" which showed a shower at Dordrecht. The last was perhaps the slightest thing in the whole show, a rapidly seized impression, a masterly note of a rather strange atmospheric effect, which Whistler's own contemporaries would probably have called unintelligible. These things differed from the studio sketches in some element of sincerity and spontaneity. One felt that Whistler had suddenly seen a beautiful thing out-of-doors. He had recorded it rapidly in great visual excitement, and the thing was safe on canvas before he had time to remember that he was an artist and a butterfly and the enemy of John Ruskin. To himself, perhaps, it seemed exactly the same exercise of his power of seeing and of his technical mastery as the studio pictures. But there was a vital difference. When he set to work to drape his model and arrange his bits of rose or violet in her veil, he was a self-conscious virtuoso. When he sketched the clouds or the waves he was penetrated and mastered by an object greater and more absorbing than himself.

We are confident that this distinction will explain the very variable merit of the "Whistlers" in this particular collection. The noblest thing in it is the "grey-and-silver" painting of "The Thames," with its mysterious warehouses, which might be prisons or castles, its factory chimneys which might be glorious campanili, its sky of cloud and smoke, and its living, moving stream. He had found that scene. He did not construct it. It had mastered him, as it masters the least skilled and gifted spectator, if he have but eyes and fancy. So, too, the haunting portrait called "The Little Cardinal" is a success, because Whistler had obviously been seized by the mystery and attraction of that childish face, with the passions and dreams of coming years latent within it. The big canvas of his wife, on the other hand, is a failure, clearly because he was thinking consciously of his arbitrary arrangements and "symphonies" in red. The same thing is true, we think, in some measure of all his work. For our part (it is a purely personal criticism), we have always felt that the portrait of Carlyle was a very wonderful painting, but none the less that it stands below the great things in art. The portrait of his mother, not at all more distinguished as painting, is, on the other hand, a masterpiece, which one may, without blasphemy, compare with Rembrandt's portrait of his mother at Vienna. We find ourselves disliking in the "Carlyle" the subordination of this rugged volcanic

personality to a highly artificial decorative scheme. The big man has been put in a frame, and provided with a background. It is delightful as color, but it expresses Whistler and not Carlyle. Our eyes rest on the very pleasing line of the master's black frock coat—do you remember how it bulges at the breast in a delightfully decorative curve?—and while we admit the flattery to our senses, we resent this trifling with the author of "Sartor Resartus." It was not so that he understood clothes. It would have been appropriate enough if the subject had been Oscar Wilde. What does the comparative failure of this skilful and beautiful picture mean? It means, we think, that Whistler took small account of the personality of Carlyle. He did not submit to his mastering influence, as he knelt to the Thames and bowed to the shower at Dordrecht. On the contrary, he exploited Carlyle. He treated him as a picturesque and rather pathetic old gentleman, to be draped and posed, as if he were nothing more than a hired Chelsea model.

The test of bigness in art which emerges from these rambling reflections, is a very simple one. "Bigness" is not a measure of quantity in art, but of quality. Some of the slight little sketches in this show are really "big." In one word (a necessary word, though it has a pedantic sound), it means objectivity. The posing, the artificial construction, the self-consciousness, the wish to produce something of the utmost virtuosity—art, in a word, for the artist's sake—that is what we find especially intolerable in war-time. The art which really flows from a mastering inspiration in the world of objects, be it the loved face of a mother, the rough but tenderly drawn form of a Millet peasant, the form and color of a horse in Morland, painted with wonder and delight—all this we can admire in war-time, though it is as remote from our fears and our cares as the "Sylphide" herself. If one asks why it is that one applies this half-conscious unformulated criterion, the answer may be, perhaps, that in war-time we are more than usually sensitive to any kind of egoism, any stress on self. The artist who seems to be brandishing his brush in our face, who bids us remark how cleverly he has arranged this, or isolated that, is of the race which thinks primarily of itself. The artist who has forgotten himself in anything outside him—be it only a horse and a stable—he is our countryman and our comrade. The distinction, it seems to us, lies far beyond the familiar Whistler controversies. His bugbears, the Pre-Raphaelites, with their wilful straying into an artificial past, and the wayward metaphysics of their genre painting, were every whit as subjective as was Whistler at his worst. They would stand the war-test, indeed, if we know how to apply it rather worse than he.

It is possible that Tolstoy really meant something of the same thing in his sweeping Puritan's onslaught upon all sophisticated art. We have never been able to follow him in his erection of peasant taste as the standard. Peasants, as we know them, delight in the ugliest vulgarities of modern music, and would be quite unmoved even by the early works of Beethoven, which Tolstoy allowed to be great art. His requirement, moreover, that great art must express some universal emotion is probably much too narrow. What is evident is that it must not appeal merely to the coterie which admires a work of art for its technical achievement. But it may well be objective and sincere, it may be free from every element of vanity and self-consciousness, even when it can be fully understood only by an educated man. A great fugue in Bach is as objective, as little tainted by the artist's vanity or self-consciousness, as a complicated theorem in Euclid. Mere difficulty is not the test. The quasi-

moral test of greatness in art, of which war makes us aware, is simply the test of all genius and all love. It rejects the man who thinks of himself. It opens the gate of sympathy and veneration to the man whose mind has gone out of his own circle of vanity and self, to know, to admire, to seize some objective thing.

#### WEATHER WISDOM.

Now that the Government, for good reasons, declines to tell us every day what the weather will be, we are thrown back on our old instincts and local estimates. The weather prophet by second sight or by watching of chimney smoke and the birds, by hearkening to the bray of donkeys, and smelling the breeze, has regained quite a deal of his old importance. And we, cut off from our isobars, our continental diagrams of anticyclones, and V-shaped depressions, cols, and secondaries, are fain to see how much foreknowledge can be had by re-studying the weather as an empiric subject.

Of course, we have the barometer, aneroid or mercurial, nearly always with a big dial to magnify the change of level, and words such as "Storm," "Fair," and "Rain" doing all they can to mislead the unwary. A thousand feet above sea-level, the uncorrected barometer points to "Rain" when it means fine weather, and the needle has always to move through "Rain" from "Stormy," though fine weather comes in as soon as it begins the journey. When it points day after day to "Change," we know that the sky will remain blue as it was yesterday, till it moves to "Fine," and brings thunder and a week of wet. When the needle is so far to the right that it can go no further, a very slight turn to the left may bring rain, and when it is jammed down to the left, a slight rise may be the prelude to a long spell of fine.

So we must not forget what yesterday's reading was when we look at to-day's barometer. Rightly, in most households, the moving of the indicator, or the tapping of the barometer by any but the one authorized finger or knuckle is looked upon as the blackest of crimes. The weather prophet must be allowed to see how far the pressure has changed in the night, in which direction and at what acceleration it is moving now. For those with short memories and long views, the barograph is essential, with the little pen that writes its journey so that we can tell where it has been during the past week or month, and where it was this time last year. The fall of a tenth of an inch may signify only a passing wave on the surface of the atmosphere, but if that succeeds one of two-tenths yesterday and is followed by another tenth to-morrow, we may be sure that the air is getting near its saturation-point, and must shortly give up some of its moisture.

What the barometer cannot tell us is what is the air's saturation-point. It may be so dry that at a pressure of twenty-eight inches it can comfortably carry its load, or so moist that the fall of a tenth at thirty inches will bring down a deluge. It may even be charged with moisture beyond saturation-point, and yet not rain. The little atoms that make a rain-drop must have a nucleus to hang by. The smoke smuts in such an atmosphere as Manchester's give this peg, and bring down rain more easily than pure air, and lightning discharge may upset the balance, and bring rain from "dry" air.

A thousand people keep barometers for every one that has a hygrometer. In the old days the proportion was reversed, for the little house out of which a man comes for rainy weather and a woman for dry weather is none other than a hygrometer. Perhaps it is the

better half of the weather prophet's outfit. An old man of our acquaintance who tells the weather well reads a good deal from the puffs of steam blown off by a locomotive, the speed at which the air swallows them up being a good measure of its moisture or dryness. There are many other *a posteriori* methods, down to the bit of seaweed and the fir-cone which opens for dry and closes for wet. *A priori*, we can guess at the state of the atmosphere by recording the direction of the wind, and no prophet worth his salt ventures on a prediction without knowing where the wind sits.

The north and east winds have lately falsified the barometer many times. Coming from the dry Pole, or spending any moisture they may have over a wide stretch of land, far from bringing us moisture they take it away, and we can cool to freezing-point without having rain. But when the south-west has blown for a day or two, a fall in pressure or temperature is very likely to bring rain. Meredith well puts the exception:—

"Ay, but shows the south-west a ripple-feathered bosom  
Blown to silver while the clouds are shaken and ascend  
Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream, there comes a  
sunset  
Rich, deep, like love in beauty without end."

Nevertheless, red sunsets are a vexed question, and this one looks rather like the front of a cyclone bringing us twenty-four hours of rain.

The cyclone is just the phenomenon we were most anxious to hear about in the official weather reports, and it is the one never taken account of by the country prophet. Knowing what it is, we can sometimes see it for ourselves. It is a hollow whirlpool in the air, whirling in the direction opposite to the hands of the clock, and slowly passing along the south-west stream. As the centre nearly always passes over Scotland, it is the winds skirting the lower half that we see in England. First comes the south-east wind predicted in the west of England to bring twenty-four hours of rain. It will veer a little towards south and west, and then the calm core of the cyclone comes over us, heralded by cirrus clouds in the south-west, mature with dull sky and rain, and breaking up with cumulus, a clear sky and a north-west wind. Thus, the origin-point of the wind normally veers in the direction taken by the sun. When it "backs," that is, takes the opposite direction, it is a still worse sign, perhaps because it signifies a cyclone passing below us, immediately to be followed by one taking the more normal course.

One would expect clouds to be an unequivocal sign of rain. They need reading, however, with great discrimination. Strato-cumulus all over makes the most optimistic of us rain-prophets, yet it frequently clears away, as though by a change of mind, and makes room for another spell of fine. High clouds often move under a different wind from that of the land surface, and thus foretell a change for us. The cirrus forms so high (nine miles or so) that the direction can scarcely be seen by motion. The tails, however, point towards the wind. The units of cirro-stratus are shaped the same fore-and-aft, and the rule for them is that when they point east and west they indicate rain, when they point north and south they mean continued fine. If the under surface of cirrus is level and the streaks point upward, they indicate rain; if the streaks point downward, we shall have wind and fine weather.

If two prophets are positive about the mackerel sky, it is quite likely that they will diametrically differ. Mackerel is usually an indication of the thunder that fine weather breeds to its own dissolution. If the clouds are soft and delicate they show that a change of rain is, as

it were, resolved upon, but that the change will not materialize for a few days (during which time, of course, a counter-resolution may, but very likely will not, intervene). If the mackerel clouds are dense and compact, thunder is very near. Sometimes clouds are more promising of fine weather than blue sky is. Thus, light stratus clouds formed at evening and dissipated in the morning are the sure guarantee of a fine day, and Admiral Fitzroy classifies the blue sky roughly thus:—"A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a light, bright sky indicates fine weather; when the sky is of a sickly-looking greenish hue, wind or rain may be expected."

Preparations for rain take place often far above us, so that we need an analysis of the air in strata for many miles to know what weather is coming next. We do not know what is the condition of the upper atmosphere that gives us on earth that clearness of the distant view that often precedes rain, nor exactly how is produced the phenomenon of visible sun-rays that sailors call "the sun setting up back-stays." In the country we say that the sun is drawing up water, filling his watering-pot from the Atlantic, for the rays are only seen near sunset time. It is only true, of course, by a strong poetic licence, but it is as sure a sign of rain as any that the sky gives us.

#### VIGNETTES OF WAR.

##### I.—JOFFRE.

THE most popular man in France, the most widely respected abroad, is probably Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre. He seems to be a man without roots, owing as little to Nature as to nurture. A Southerner, he possesses hardly any characteristic Southern trait. He is patient, silent, calm; with a Southern warmth of friendship he has shown that he can sacrifice it to his conception of duty. His parents were inconspicuous (his father was a cooper); yet he showed at school a gift for mathematics, and entered the Ecole Polytechnique, the youngest cadet, near the head of the list.

His present, again, seems to have little root in his career. At forty-two he was still a major, serving under a colonel some years his junior. From that point his promotion was a little more rapid. But his life in the army could hardly be called brilliant or particularly significant until, in 1910, he entered the Superior War Council. The following year he was appointed vice-president, a position which carries with it the responsibilities of Commander-in-chief in case of war. Those who came into contact with him were not left long in doubt as to the manner of man he is. He began to organize and reorganize. Like Kitchener, he had been an engineer, and the engineers attract and breed a certain type of mind. The engineer has to deal with strictly calculable factors which produce verifiable results. It is a cool, scientific craft, and one who has been habituated to it for a period of years comes to act almost by instinct in a cool and confident way.

This is the character of General Joffre. His normal expression is confident. There is a deliberation even about the movements of his massive figure, whose bulk dwarfs its height. He has one quality of greatness—simplicity. His military directions are notably simple in comparison with the subtlety of the conceptions which shape them. Witness his plan for the attack on Alsace in August, a plan which was bungled by the leader to whom it was entrusted; witness his strategy for the Battle of the Marne. Consider his winter plan: to reduce the enemy to bankruptcy by fostering his spendthrift habits. Like many men of limited power of expression, he has the gift of saying impressive things. Some parts of his only

published book—notably the description of the Touaregs—might well have been written by Cæsar.

But his conspicuous gift is in his courage. Rarely, if ever, has a Commander-in-chief issued so fearless a document as the "French Official Review." It acknowledges every mistake. It shows a general reconstructing his army, redistributing his commands, even in the thick of the fighting. It shows, too, the mind of the engineer calculating, planning, organizing those elements in an army which make for victory. Confidence, courage, simplicity, prudent foresight—these may not be all the ingredients of genius. But they offer the surest foundation for our deepest hopes about the issue of the war.

### Letters from Abroad.

#### GERMANY AS A WOMAN SAW IT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“Don’t go,” said the American Embassy at the Hague. “Americans are not wanted. You may get into trouble.” I packed my bag with beating heart. Go I would, for why live unless adventure? But I spoke no German. How could it be managed? My head was full of tales of hardship and imprisonment. The “Lusitania” had just been sunk. I had never been to Germany. Berlin was a strange city. I pinned my little American flag and my Hague Congress Peace Badge on the lapel of my coat. My passport I tucked in my pocket. With a small hand-bag and no printed or written word I started forth. Fortunately, a Hungarian newspaper woman whom I had met travelled by the same train. We were an ill-assorted pair. She petite, feminine, and full of gay, light humor, I serious, clad in business clothes with many capacious pockets. “Mon mari,” she called me. “Ma femme” proved a very useful person. She spoke five languages. Born in Russia with French ancestors, living in Paris, and married to a Hungarian, her heart was with the Allies. Life in Budapest was difficult. She dreaded return. But her glib German tongue and Hungarian marriage made her *persona grata* in Germany.

Her flirtation with the passport officials at the frontier let us through with smiles and an invitation to wait over a train. Before the border was reached, I had hidden my American flag. It was not wise to speak English. This made me very helpless. I persuaded my companion to step off with me in Berlin. It was a long tedious day’s journey. The German pasture lands were empty, no people, men or women anywhere, and no cattle. But it was Sunday. Perhaps that was the reason. When we had secured rooms at an hotel, we started forth to see the city. A passing throng filled the *Frederichstrasse*, but half were soldiers. Every fifth person was in mourning or wore a black band upon the sleeve. The faces in the electric light looked pale and tense. There was much talk, but no laughter. Every now and then one caught the word “Lusitania.” Only the day before that steamer had been sunk. I clung to my companion. We talked in whispers. Once or twice an English word caught the ear of a passer-by, who turned, flushed and angry, to glare upon me. I soon ceased speaking. In the restaurant I made wild guesses, and pointed at dishes on the *menu*, and uttered no sound. I felt as I had during my voluntary week in prison, when under the hostile and unfriendly eyes of the matrons. The hotel had given us bread cards. With these we secured some black and sour-tasting bread, done up in sealed paper packages. Under her breath my companion confided that Hungary was worse off than Germany. Hungary was nearly breadless. Germany had bought Hungary’s flour supply. “A fine ally, Germany,” continued my companion, “little she cares for us. She doesn’t even trust us. Every letter mailed in Berlin to Budapest is opened and read. Germany is wonderful; but I hate the people.” Next morning we started out

to find a place where English was tolerated, for my companion could not stay on. We hunted up some German-Americans, who had invited women peace delegates to come to Berlin. Their hospitality was boundless. I was to be a guest, and passed from hand to hand. I saw my freedom vanishing, but was powerless. The German-Americans had planned the conversion of every American. I was seized upon as the missionary seizes the cannibal. I tried to extricate myself. Bitter little taunts were thrust at me. Did I fear starvation, or the barbarians? Eventually I capitulated. I was to have one more night at the hotel with my gay friend before her departure.

That night we went to the Winter Garden. The place was filled with soldiers. One act was a series of living tableaux, depicting war. They were intended to inspire wild patriotism. But the soldiers were silent, only a mild applause greeted the effort. One scene symbolic of stupendous heroism, the last soldier firing the last shot, was received in grim silence. All Berlin is grim and tense. People pass and re-pass on the street. The shops are open, life goes on. But there is no genial friendliness, no lingering over a glass of beer, no bit of gay song. Everywhere there are gray, dusty, and worn uniforms. When a troop of soldiers pass, their faces are pale, their feet drag. The goose step has vanished.

With the departure of my companion I settled down in a German house. A modest *ménage*, but every detail perfect. All Germany runs without friction. My host is a university professor, his wife an American. They are all hospitality, but their zealotry torments me. I am the heathen whose soul must be saved. From the day of my arrival to the moment of my departure, we have but one topic of conversation. Germany's virtues and America's sins. A great pity seizes me for this tragic couple. Their thin, pallid faces bespeak wracked nerves and tortured souls. Under the domination of a Government they adore, they dare not criticize. To question would be to shatter their world. German culture, German arts, the Government, Bismarck, the Kaiser, the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the "Lusitania"—in all things Germany is wisdom and righteousness. Surrounded by enemies, wicked monsters, Germany, the perfect, is fighting for her life. Better a thousand times that the "Lusitania" be sunk and Americans killed than let American bullets reach the Allies to inflict death on German soldiers. "American bullets," hourly the phrase is flung in my face. My protest that, as a peace delegate, I am fighting for the prohibition of traffic in arms, and the limitation of their manufacture to the Government, brings no relief. Upon someone must the pent-up fury and hate for despicable America be poured. I feel like a drowning man being slowly pressed down under the waves. But pity for this tragic couple gives me patience. Behind the ostentatious display of bread and the sneering allusions to starvation and barbarity, I see fear and bitterness bred by fear.

In such an atmosphere of depression and suppression my free American spirit suffocates. I plan an escape. Somewhere in Berlin are free fearless souls. These I must find. My hosts fear to let me venture out alone. An American woman was driven from a tramcar by an angry mob for speaking English. I take my map and study it. I have the addresses of some Social Democrats. How get to them? My hosts do not tolerate such people. Then I remember the American Embassy and a young man friend. I plead a luncheon engagement. This seems safe, and in a cab, unaccompanied, I escape. To my countryman I explain my predicament. All absences are to be accounted for by him. Then alone, map in hand, I start out. I walk many weary blocks, slinking along side streets to avoid the complication of tramcar conversations. I seem to be living in the days of conspiracies and dime novels. And truly I am, for day by day the plot thickens. I am received with open arms by the rebel women, and at once nicknamed the "criminal." At last I have found the Germans I sought. Free, fearless people, whose love for the fatherland is so great, they dare protest. But these people are momentarily in danger. Their meetings are

secret. We meet in out-of-the-way places. I find that my telephone messages are intercepted. That a perfectly harmless letter is never delivered. I am watched. It is hard to believe. Surely I have dropped back into the Middle Ages. I have to pinch myself to realize I am an American living in the twentieth century.

Such innocent affairs, these clandestine meetings! Merely discussion of a way to protest against war, and work for peace. True, we denounce the invasion of Belgium, declare Germany began the war, and speak with loathing of the militarist spirit. But what American doesn't? My most revolutionary talk was with a gray-haired mother of grown children, in a secluded corner of a quiet restaurant. A burning flame this woman. Her face stamped with world suffering, her eyes the tragic eyes of a Jane Addams. In a whisper she uttered the great heresy—"Germany's salvation lies in Germany's defeat. If Germany wins when so many of her progressive young men have been slain, the people will be utterly crushed in the grip of the mailed fist."

With this companion I discussed the collapse of the Social Democrats in the hour of crisis, the triumph of nationalism over internationalism. She attributes it to military training. During the period of service a man becomes a thing. Automatically he acquires habits of obedience, is reduced to an unquestioning machine. Mechanically, when the call came, the Social Democrats, with the others, fell into line. But with time has come thought. Also knowledge—knowledge that, in the first instance, Germany's war was not one of self-defence. But it is too late to rebel. Most of the Social Democrats are at the front. From month to month they have put off protest as unwise. Only Liebknecht has made himself heard. Now he has been caught up in the iron hand, and sent to battle. But women are not bound by the spell of militarism. While the Government rejoiced at the submission of its Socialist men, the women grew active. Organizing a party of their own, they fight bravely. Last fall Rosa Luxembourg dashed into the street, and addressed a regiment of soldiers. "Don't go to war, don't shoot your brothers," she cried. For this offence she was sent to prison for a year. To-day she lies in solitary confinement. But her suffering only inspires the others. In March, 750 women walked to the Reichstag. At the entrance they halted. As the members entered they shouted, "We will have no more war. We will have peace." Quickly the police dispersed them, and the order went forth that no newspaper should print one word of the protest. Still the women work on. On April 8th an International Socialist Woman's Congress was held at Berne, Switzerland. Ten nations were represented, including all the belligerents.

The task of peace propaganda in Germany is gigantic. Neither by letter nor by press can news be spread. Both are censored. The work must be carried on by spoken word passed from mouth to mouth. The courage of the little band of women I had met was stupendous. Through them I learned to love Germany. So my life in Berlin became a double one. I ate and slept, and was unregenerate in one part of town, and only really lived when I escaped from respectability and, strange contradiction of terms, became a criminal fighting for peace.

But wherever I was, one fact grew omnipresent. Germany was magnificently organized. Here lay the country's power and her weakness. Her power because it made Germany a unit. There were no weak links in the chain. Her weakness, because it robbed her people of individuality, made them cogs in a machine.

Even in the midst of war, Germany is superbly run. The lawns are weedless, the flower beds wonderful. The streets are clean. The tasks the men left have been performed by women, children, and old men. Nothing is neglected. I went through Berlin's biggest hospital. It was marvellous. There was every apparatus that mind can conceive or science invent. The building was beautiful, the lawns gay with jonquils and tulips. Little portable houses had been erected to care for the wounded. Seventeen of the staff doctors have gone to the front, but seventeen women physicians have taken their place. Everything is as before. Germany's discipline is perfect.

It is not for the German people to reason and wonder why, but only to do—and die. Everywhere you feel the relentlessness of force, the power of organization.

As I walked through the Thiergarten one afternoon, there arose a great rushing, buzzing noise. Directly over my head and quite low was a great Zeppelin. I thanked heaven I was in Berlin, and not Paris. The Germans are very busy with their Zeppelins. Just outside Berlin is a little wooden city, erected to give airships practice in hurling bombs. While men with labor of years are erecting wonder cities like Berlin, other men are practising day and night how to destroy such a city in a day. It is common talk in Germany that they have at last discovered a bomb that cannot be put out by water. If so, heaven help us! For Germany will never give in. She will fight to her last man. All the bitterness and fear that has crept into the nation will be directed toward a gigantic effort to blow up the world. Germany no longer cares whom she hurts; like an unloved child at bay, she means to smash and kill. The pity of it! Never was there a more generous, soft-hearted, kindly people. Germany, the land of the Christmas tree and folk songs and hearth-sides and gay childish laughter, turned into a relentless fighting machine! But each individual is a cog firmly fixed in the machine, which will go ever on as long as the ruling power turns the crank.

It was with infinite relief that I took my departure one morning. The tragedy of Germany had eaten into my soul. As I waited on the platform for my train, carloads of soldiers came and went. One great trainfull paused for some moments while the men drank coffee. A great desire seized me, to call out to these men, to beg them not to go. Then I remembered Rosa Luxembourg, realized my impotence, knew I would accomplish nothing, and resolutely turned my back. As my train sped into Holland, life changed. I could speak and smile again. Friendly eyes greeted me. I was no longer an outcast. From the car window I saw a subtle change had come over the landscape. In Germany only a few women and a stray man, and no cattle were to be seen in the pastures. But now the meadows were full of sleek, fat cows. The peasants in the fields were singing. As we steamed through little cities, all was bustle and activity. The horses looked well fed. People sat leisurely in front of cafés, drinking beer. Normal life had come again. Vividly it came to me that Germany is being grievously hurt.—Yours, &c.,

MADLINE G. DOTY.

## Communications.

### HOW IT STRIKES A TORY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a time of great emotional strain it is natural to desire to do something vigorous. Collectively as a nation, and individually as human beings, we are suffering a very terrible strain, and it is impossible to read the almost frantic appeals made, obviously in good faith, by sincere men that something vigorous should be done without sympathy and some respect. The particular "something" which is now generally advocated is "compulsion." To apply compulsion would, it is true, relieve the tension. It would make us all feel that we had done something, and done something heroic, and a great many estimable people would go to bed happier. But those estimable people, in all sincerity, wish not only to relieve the strain under which they are suffering, but to take a step which will assist the more effective prosecution of the war. I would ask them before they decide that compulsion is such a step to consider the arguments hereinafter set forth.

In the first place, as to the personal equation: though I have taken no part, directly or indirectly, in politics for many years, and have no ties with any political party, I am a Tory. I have no objection on principle to conscription or compulsion. If conscription or compulsion had been advocated in time of peace, I should have listened with attention to the arguments put forward for and against the proposal,

and been favorable to it or the reverse according to the conclusion that I formed upon the arguments. I have now but one desire in life, and that is to see the war carried to a successful and speedy conclusion; and by a successful conclusion I mean one which deprives Germany of her power to do harm, which dethrones her present rulers for ever from their position, and which exacts an adequate punishment for the crimes which have been committed by those rulers, and to which the whole German nation have been consenting parties. To attain that result no sacrifice seems to me too great. If conscription or compulsion offended against any principle which I held I would still accept them. If the Government, with a more precise knowledge than can be possessed by any private citizen, decide that conscription or compulsion should be adopted, I would give them my hearty support in this as in any other measure they deemed necessary for our common purpose. The question of the adoption of a compulsory system is to me therefore merely a question of expediency. If it is likely to be effective for the purpose in view, I think it should be adopted. If it is not likely to be effective, or if it is likely to prove a hindrance to our purpose, it should not be adopted.

We should, therefore, first ask ourselves for what purpose is compulsion to be employed. All those who have any intimate knowledge of the facts have long been aware that it is not necessary to use compulsion in order to raise a sufficient number of recruits for the armies in the field. It is impossible to state precise numbers. But Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Manchester now makes this fact clear to all the world. If his anticipation that recruiting will be maintained at a proper rate should be disappointed, a new situation will arise, and new elements will enter into the discussion of the question. But for the present, and for the future, so far as we can foresee it, compulsory service for the purpose of the field armies is unnecessary.

It is sometimes suggested that even if compulsion for this purpose be unnecessary, still it is desirable to adopt it from motives of equity—that people go to fight who ought to stop at home, and people stop at home who ought to go to fight, and that this inequity could best be redressed by the unerring voice of the State assigning to each man the duty to go or the duty to stay.

Is it true that men stay at home who ought to go to fight? This is a statement difficult to test by arithmetic, since we do not, and cannot, know the precise figures of those who have gone, and very difficult to test by observation, because the experience gained by any one person by observation is necessarily limited, and because that observation is often made by those whose minds are for the moment distorted by the agony of grief, and to whom the sight of an apparently able-bodied young man taking his ordinary pleasures on a Saturday afternoon is necessarily an offence. Yet it would be well if those who, like the Headmaster of Marlborough in the "Times" of the 5th June, write of the "present apathy," were to apply both these tests so far as lies within their power. Let them consider, first, how many able-bodied men there are in the country between the ages of eighteen and forty. This is a figure which can be arrived at with almost mathematical precision. Then let them make a deduction, which in its nature cannot be so precise, for those who are unfit, and a further deduction, which is even more speculative, for those who are skilled or semi-skilled in the production of war material. There are many people who know roughly the number of men who were with the colors at the commencement of the war, or have joined since, though the number cannot be stated here, and these inquirers can easily ascertain it with sufficient accuracy for the purpose of this consideration. Let them then compare the one figure with the other, and if, when they observe the proportion of those who have gone to those who have stayed, they still think such expressions as "apathy" justified, they are past argument.

Let us choose the other method. I take my own family, the road in which I live, and my club as microcosms of the middle-class professional section of society to which I belong. In my family, by no means a military one by association, every able-bodied male of military age has either already given his life for his country, or is serving in Flanders or Gallipoli, or is in training in England. In my club no man appears under forty unless he is either in khaki or engaged

directly in the service of his country. In my road, I doubt whether the postman or the telegraph boy ever knocks, the telephone bell ever rings, but the heart of some woman beats faster or fainter for the news of death or for the precarious knowledge of some little longer reprieve. It is not otherwise with the great houses, nor otherwise with the very small ones. When all are anxious and many are bereaved, hot words are pardonable, yet it is difficult to be patient when this splendid sacrifice is belittled or contemned. All have not gone; many go daily with the awakening conscience; at the end there will be some who have stayed at home and who will be sorry for it all their lives; but it is not to relieve the conscience from a future remorse that we are to run the risks of destroying our national unity.

As to those who have gone who should have stayed at home, the question is more delicate. If they are armament workers no compulsory system is necessary to enable the military authorities to send them back to their workshops. If the suggested obligation to stay at home arises from other causes, how is the State to judge better than they themselves? In some cases, those of certain staff officers, civil servants, and munition makers, where all the circumstances are known to those who give directions, the issue is clear; in others, the matter must lie between the candidate for sacrifice and his God, and none must come between them. They have gone to make—many of them have made—a full and perfect offering. The State cannot deny them that high dignity and splendid privilege.

The matter then reduces itself into the question of whether compulsion is to be employed to force men to work at home on the making of munitions of war.

This resolves itself into two purely practical questions—viz. (1) What amount of energy must be expended in arranging for and applying compulsion? and (2) Will the workman work harder when he is compelled than when he is free, and so much harder as to compensate for the amount of energy absorbed in organization?

Let no one think that the first question is trivial. The change from a voluntary to a compulsory system, whatever be the subject matter to which the system is applied, is vast; the functional disturbance is amazing to those who have not seen it in operation. One hundred years—and three wars—were needed to bring forth the German army of 1914. Carnot, it is true, had but a few months. But consider the far greater complexity of modern society. Think of the methods at hand to deal with those who obstructed that organizer of Victory. A machine can be devised which will not need the guillotine for the unsuccessful. But it will be a wasteful machine. It will absorb brains and hands that might be employed elsewhere. It will generate friction; and, merciless itself, it will find no mercy for its shortcomings.

On the second question it is not disrespectful to bishops, headmasters, or even to the editors of London newspapers to say that they are not, and probably would not pretend to be, in a position to give us counsel. The question must be put to the great employers of labor in manufacture (not in the distributing trades), to representatives of working-class opinion, and to those who have, whether from business motives or from personal inclination, mixed freely among skilled mechanics during the last few years. And it must be noted that the problem of applying compulsion to industry differs vastly from the problem of applying compulsion in an army or even in a school. In an army in time of war all go:—

"In company with pain,  
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train."

It follows that discipline can "turn these necessities to glorious gain." The instant pressure of the enemy, the familiarity with sights of horror, the conscious peril to the whole adventure from the slackness and insubordination of one—all these make plain to the dulllest imagination the necessity for obedience and make easy its enforcement by the severest penalties. The workman in the factory, however much his imagination may be stimulated by thoughts of his sons or his friends at the front, still is not, and cannot be, reminded at every turn of the nature of the work on which he is engaged in any such sense as the soldier. If his imagination is aroused and his sympathies are quickened,

he can and will throw his whole heart into the work, but it will be impossible to create in him and his fellows a public opinion which would require, or even tolerate, severe disciplinary measures against his drunken or slack colleague. But I think that any instructed member of any of the category of experts whom I have mentioned would go further than this in answer to the question. He would, from his knowledge of the actual working in the factory and of labor disputes, have formed an opinion that the workman, one of the most easily persuaded and placable of human beings on this earth, is the most stubborn and unreasonable upon a point which he regards as one of principle. Talk to him of the great task and the great duty laid upon him, and he will respond. Threaten him with the policeman, and he will down tools and probably break something, or if, under the threat of compulsion, he remains at work, no power can compel him to do his full output. He cannot be treated as a schoolboy, who, if he does not complete his allotted task at the appointed time, can be punished with an imposition. No sane human being who had experience of the management of men would attempt to run a workshop on such a principle. You can take a horse to the water; you can even make him, if he is a particularly intelligent horse, pretend to drink, but the water in the pond, for all your threats and blows, remains at the same level.

And when people lavish their scorn and abuse on the working classes, organized and unorganized, for indiscipline and lack of patriotism and lack of reason, they probably hardly realize how much the faculty of reason has been employed by the workman before he made up his mind to strike. He is probably somewhat inarticulate. He is certainly not accustomed to close reasoning. He sets forth his case in frothy eloquence, interspersed with unmeaning catchwords. But if you could reason with him in the language which he could understand, or he could reason with you in the language which you could understand, you would find generally that he had struck, not for some question of 2d., but for what he regards as an integral part of the eternal verities. Such a man you can persuade if you cannot drive. Our enemies, great as have been their achievements, have shown an almost incredible faculty for misunderstanding the psychology of others. It would be unfortunate if we were to fall into the like attitude. If we are to make the most of the resources of this country in men, we must inquire diligently how their hearts are, for it is from the heart that the great energies of a great and free people can best be developed.

Anyone who presumes to doubt the wisdom of compulsion nowadays incurs the imputation of being what is called an optimist—a term which for some inscrutable reason is one of contempt. Imputations matter little if one speaks one's mind freely and honestly, but my own degree of optimism is best expressed in the words of President Lincoln: "I hope it (that is, peace) will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. . . . Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result." In the light of those words let us go onward. It may be that events will show us that "the means" necessary include compulsion. If so, on my part there will be no resistance, but a hearty support. But the necessity must be proved plain and large, not in the mouths of amateurs, but in the universal testimony and persuasion of those who bear the heavy responsibility of power. Then, as in the agony of the Civil War, "the great heart of a nation answers, throbbing, 'Lord, we come!'"—Yours, &c.,

A TORY.

June 9th, 1915.

## Letters to the Editor.

### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last you wax sarcastic on the subject of Mr. Lloyd George's history, quarrelling with his statement that "France saved the liberty she had

won in the great Revolution from the fangs of tyrannical military empires purely by compulsory service." In contradiction of this, you assert that "the law of conscription was established by the Directorate in 1798. That is to say, it dates from the period when the Revolution was already well on the way to becoming 'a tyrannical military empire' herself. Conscription was the weapon with which free, Republican France was changed into a military despotism."

But Mr. Lloyd George did not mention the word "conscription" in this connection. What he spoke of was "compulsory service," and if you will seek your history you will find that in 1793 France did, by compulsory levies of men, elect to defend her newly-won liberty from the attacks of England, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Portugal, the Two Sicilies, the Roman States, Sardinia, and Piedmont. On February 24th, 1793, a decree was issued for the compulsory levy of 300,000 men. This not proving adequate, on August 23rd of that year another levy amounting to not far short of 500,000 was ordered by a vote in Parliament. The decree ran thus: "From this moment till that when the enemy shall be driven from the territory of the French Republic, all the French shall be in permanent requisition for the services of the armies. The young men shall go forth to fight; the married men shall forge the arms and transport the supplies; the women shall make tents and clothes, and attend on the hospitals; the children shall make lint out of rags . . ."

This savors of compulsory service. The armies thus raised defended France while she was in the throes of a new birth.

I do not think there is any need for further justification of Mr. Lloyd George's statement. I would only add that it seems undignified and unchivalrous to combine hasty criticism with ill-informed representations.—Yours, &c.,

F. L. STEVENSON.

Ministry of Munitions of War,  
6, Whitehall Gardens, London, S.W.  
June 10th, 1915.

[We are afraid that the communication from the Office of the Ministry of Munitions of War meets neither our criticism nor the facts of the case. It draws a distinction between the word "conscription" and the words "compulsory service," and ignores the important fact that the one method rapidly developed into the other precisely in proportion as France became less free. The Revolution began with a free army as being alone suited, in the view of the Constituent Assembly, to a free people. Valmy, the historic battle of European freedom, was fought with an essentially free army. In time a mixed system of compulsory and voluntary enlistment was set up. It is, therefore, merely "ill-informed" to say that these Revolutionary levies were "purely" compulsory. They possessed a voluntary element. In the first of them voluntary enlistment was retained for the soldiers of the line, while the militia was made up of unmarried citizens between eighteen and forty years of age. Then able-bodied men were rendered liable to active service, but their selection was left to the Communes and districts. The levies of 1793, to which our correspondent refers, were also partly voluntary, three days' grace being allowed to the Departments and Communes to find willing recruits. Compulsion, however, was the dominant element, and an incidental result was the revolt in La Vendée. Later still came the famous "levée en masse," which succeeded largely because the army was regarded as a refuge from the Jacobin terror. But it proved unworkable, and its final development was the law of 1798. It was the power thus conferred on the French Government, comments the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "which alone rendered the Napoleonic policy of conquest possible."

It is thus clear (1) that the later Revolutionary system of compulsory and voluntary service (not of "purely" compulsory service) did not succeed as a military measure; (2) that it was unpopular and that it almost ruined France; (3) that it ended inevitably in the full-blooded conscription

which, as we said, changed free France into a "military despotism," and which was carried out with the utmost brutality. Its legacy is the Europe of to-day.

Let us add that this system was introduced (1) on the break-up of the old French military system; (2) under the shadow of immediate invasion. Where is the parallel to our own case? Our voluntary system has not failed. On the contrary, it has been a brilliant success. As to invasion, we have against it the double barrier of our fleets and of our great voluntary "levée en masse."—ED., THE NATION.]

## CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—So much has been said in the course of this conscription controversy about the precedent of the American Civil War, that I thought it worth while to look a little closely into the facts, and I find that they may be thus summarized:—

1. Compulsion was not resorted to on the Union side till halfway through the third year of the war, which lasted altogether just four years, from April, 1861, to April, 1865.

2. The immediate occasion of the measure was a succession of Federal disasters, coinciding with a serious falling off in the rate of recruitment; and this, again, was not unconnected with a recrudescence of pro-slavery and secessionist agitation, veiled under the plausible pretexts of love of peace and hatred of militarism.

3. The immediate effect of the measure was to put a new weapon into the hands of these agitators, and it was, ostensibly, at least, for the purpose of resisting its enforcement, and on the plea that it had been declared unconstitutional and void by the Supreme Court of the State of New York, that a well-organized and very dangerous riot broke out in New York City, in which many hundreds of lives were lost, and to suppress which troops had to be brought in from the neighboring States, and even from the army at the front.

4. In the opinion of a very careful historian, the suppression of this and other riots, and the subsequent enforcement of the conscription, were only rendered possible by a turn in the tide of military affairs which occurred just at that juncture, and which was, of course, due to the efforts of the voluntarily enlisted troops already in the field. (Greeley's "American Conflict," Vol. II., p. 505-6.)

5. According to the same historian (*Ib.*, p. 760), "of the soldiers and sailors who fought for the Union, all but an inconsiderable fraction were volunteers."

6. After all, as the combined result of voluntary enlistment and conscription, the number of men under arms on the Federal side at the close of the war was about a million; a smaller number, relatively to population, than that of the British troops already under arms through voluntary enlistment, exclusive of the Colonial and Indian contingents. For that number is generally reckoned at somewhere between two and three millions out of a population of forty-six millions. The population of the United States, according to the census of 1860, the year before the war, was thirty-one and a-half millions. Adding half a million for the probable subsequent increase, and deducting nine millions as the population of the rebel States, we get twenty-three millions as the population of the loyal States, just half that of the United Kingdom; so that two millions would be the exactly proportionate number of men under arms.

The circumstances are so different that the analogy cannot be very strongly pressed either way; but it may be fairly urged that the success of President Lincoln's tardy and reluctant resort to conscription is by no means beyond question; while several of the reasons which told in favor of the measure in his case have no application to ours. At the time when his decision was taken, the military situation was far more critical than ours at the present moment. The supply of voluntary recruits was not prospectively but actually deficient. He was engaged in a civil, not a foreign war, in which sympathy with the rebels was so widespread, and so openly manifested within the territories under his control, that it could hardly be made worse by the most drastic measures of coercion; whereas the minority opposed to this war of ours is at present almost negligible in point of numbers and influence, and at the worst is far removed from

active disloyalty, while, on the other hand, there are elements in our community, especially but not exclusively in Ireland, at present quiescent and by no means unserviceable, which might be stirred into dangerous disaffection by injudicious and unnecessary coercion.—Yours, &c.,

ROLAND K. WILSON.

June 8th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must confess myself quite unable to appreciate the line of argument pursued by Mr. C. B. Andrews in his letter to you on the above subject. After distinguishing between fighting for material issues and fighting for "those ideals of freedom which make our country dear to us," he goes on to exhort us to consider the future, and ask ourselves if our descendants are likely to honor us less if, "in respecting our moral ideals of freedom, we sacrifice some of our material values." Speaking for myself, I should have no hesitation in replying that our descendants would most assuredly visit us with condemnation should we refuse to adopt conscription were it necessary to do so for the efficient protection of our material interests. Or does Mr. Andrews really hold that the nation is to allow itself to be enslaved in order that our "ideals of freedom" may be "preserved"?

Pray, sir, what are these "ideals of freedom" that merit so terrible a price for their preservation? Do they include the liberty of the slacker and the shirker to refuse his country in her hour of need the assistance she calls for, and do they involve the liberty to stand by and profit at no personal cost by the blood and anguish of those who have suffered and died in response to their country's call? If these and such as these are the ideals of which Mr. Andrews speaks, if these and such as these suggest "the dawn of higher intellectual and moral values and postulates," there must, I imagine, be many of his fellow-members of the Reform Club besides myself who dissent from his views.—Yours, &c.,

G. PAUL TAYLOR.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your "Events of the Week" of June 5th, you hint that there may be national service for workmen. It would be most unfortunate if compulsion has to be adopted after the great success of the voluntary system, but surely all expedients for obtaining munition labor have not yet been exhausted. I venture to make one or two suggestions in the application of the voluntary method.

In the first case, there must be Nationalization of the Munition Industry. It seems almost as ridiculous for Government contractors to make ammunition as it would be for the Government to employ a contractor to manage our Army and have the direction of military operations. Although we may not believe Mr. Brailsford when he speaks of a powerful combine of armament shareholders driving the country into war for their own financial profit, yet it is most unpleasant to think of armament shareholders making large profits at the taxpayers' expense in war time.

With Nationalization, munition workers will be in State pay, just like soldiers, but they certainly will not realize this if they are organized, as they are at present, in opposition to their employers by their unions. For the war, at least, the munition workers should be organized into Munition Battalions. They would derive the benefit of military discipline, which would minimize loss of time, and they would realize that they were directly responsible to the country.

This military organization would not be an engine of despotism for sweating the men; on the contrary, with improved regularity, three shifts of eight hours might be conveniently worked every day. Also care could be taken that men did not get overworked, as many are at present.

But, it will be asked, how are we to get all this additional labour? The answer is quite simple. Since the beginning of the war a large number of men have been rejected on account of health. The large majority of these could do munition work and would enlist in the special Munition Battalions; men of forty to fifty would also be fit to serve in this way. Undoubtedly, large numbers could thus be raised, and with short training they would become

competent armament workers. If a very large number presented themselves, some could take the places of men who are physically fit who were prevented from enlisting before owing to their being engaged on Government work.

Setting the manufacture of munitions on a military basis seems to be the easiest way to make it absolutely efficient. It would be much better than a system of fines for those who turn up late to work. The labor required will be easily recruited from the ranks of those who are too old to serve and from those who are medically unfit for campaigning, and all who thus enlist will feel in the exact position of soldiers. Compulsion is only the last resource; the voluntary system must be given every chance first.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD H. GLOVER.

School House, Rugby, June 6th, 1915.

## WHAT AMERICA IS THINKING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Americans in England will be grateful to Dr. Kirsopp Lake for his letter in your last issue. It is, I think, true that there is some misunderstanding here as to "the nature of American opinion." The vast majority of Americans are passionately "pro-Ally," for the simple reason that they are passionately kind-hearted. They had no dislike of Germany, and they had no special love for England, before the invasion of Belgium. They are now simply following their instinct, which is always to be sorry for people who are suffering, and to want to help them. As they sent grain ships to Russia in the old days of famine, so now they are sending grain and food and clothes to Belgium, ship by ship, State by State, and the whole nation is being unostentatiously and efficiently kept alive. This feeding of Belgium is the keynote to their attitude to the war. They would so much rather feed people than kill them. It runs through everything. Each nation is being helped somehow. The Belgians will die like flies of hunger, the Serbians will rot of typhus, and even the English prisoners of war will be less contented when Germany has succeeded in forcing the United States to break off diplomatic relations and give up her works of kindness.

For I believe that Dr. Lake is mistaken about one thing. When he says that Germany has her hands too full to wish to entangle America in the war, he forgets that, paradoxical as it may sound, it is nevertheless the fact that the United States, as a *bonâ-fide* neutral, is doing more harm to the German armies than if she were herself a belligerent. Mr. Lloyd George has told us that munitions are more important than men. It seems to have taken this country ten months to discover what Germany has known all along and acted on consistently.

The German General Staff (which is what we mean now when we use that loose and deceptive word "Germany") has never lost sight of this central fact in all its dealings with the United States. All winter they have tried to stop the exportation of munitions of war by every conceivable and inconceivable method. Some newspapers were bought outright, others bribed; workers in armament factories were preached to, and the peace-loving public had its conscience troubled by representations of the large part America was playing in the game of slaughter. There has also been a vast amount of political intrigue, going all the way from a comically futile attempt to bring the European situation into municipal elections to the actual introduction into the Congress of the United States by an important member of a Bill forbidding the exportation of contraband of war. Every imaginable pressure has been brought to bear on the President to break down his determination to play fair, by clouding the plain issue of neutrality on the one hand and by trying to convince him of the fundamental disloyalty of ten millions of his fellow-citizens on the other. The Government itself has threatened and whined by turns.

Of course they overshot their mark. The Americans were far too horrified by Germany's deeds to be able to listen to her words with anything but a scornful wonder. They went to and fro in Belgium and Serbia, and came back and wrote and talked, and the horror rose.

The General Staff seems to have realized the situation about six weeks ago. The American people were not being

converted, the American Government was unswervingly neutral in the strict legal sense of the word, and the shipments of munitions were increasing week by week. What was to be done? Official tears and arguments had proved useless. Did America herself offer any new field for action?

So the necessary stimulus was applied. The "Frye," a fine American sailing ship, had been sunk. When her destroyer came into an American port for repairs he was received with imperturbable politeness, and while the Government, through one of its Secretaries, was protesting at the illegality of the action, through another it was inviting the perpetrator of it to assist at the christening of a new warship. He came, and it seems to have been a delightful occasion. One wonders what the Captain thought as he listened to the speeches, and talked with the Quaker lady who came up to reason with him about peace.

Evidently the "Frye" was not enough. More stimulus was added. The sinking of the "Gulflight" left the American people unmoved; they were deeply shocked by the "Falaba," but officially they remained tolerant and polite. They refused to mention the word war, or to begin to prepare for it. Something more must be done. Somehow, they must be made to feel that it was unwise and unreasonable to send all the arms and ammunition across the two oceans and keep none at home. If they could only be made angry enough, a large part of that jealously watched supply would be automatically diverted from Galicia, East Prussia, and France, to New York, Virginia, and California. There would be an interval of weakness for the Allies, living as they all are, from hand to mouth in the matter of munitions. In that interval, no matter how short, the German armies would adopt a violent offensive, the Russians would withdraw into the interior, the English would be trampled on, Warsaw would be taken, then Calais and Paris.

Whether the ultimate result would be victory or not, they were willing to chance it. The "Lusitania" was sunk.

That is my interpretation of the present state of things. If Dr. Lake is correct, so much the better for the world, and I heartily pray he may be right and not I.—Yours, &c.,

MILDRED MINTURN SCOTT.

June 7th, 1915.

#### HAS THE CHURCH MISSED HER WAY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Surely Messrs. Eves and Kidd—with the spirit of whose letters I have the strongest sympathy—confuse issues. The Archbishop of Canterbury could not have written his letter at the beginning of the war. Now he has done what the Pope could have done better, and in the name of the Catholic Church, *plus* naturally, an English note, summoned spiritual forces to give whole-hearted support to the secular arm.

As you say in the same issue, in your article on "The Future of Western Democracy": "Such a solution seemed not impossible last August. To-day the spirit of the German people, the successive acts of ferocity of their army, the deliberate violations of international conventions, their treatment of the inhabitants of conquered territories, have enormously increased its difficulty."—Yours, &c.,

C. E. ESCREET.

40, Dartmouth Road, Lewisham, S.E.

June 9th, 1915.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Although hostilities continue, and the area of the war is spreading rather than diminishing, it is clear that a new thoughtfulness is coming into being in more than one country. Many men now see in truer proportions than they did in the first excitement. In the general review which is thus slowly taking place, it cannot be hidden that the position of the Christian Church is beginning to cause misgiving to many of its more thoughtful members. And the question arises: Has not the Church, as such, missed her way, and lost one of the very greatest spiritual opportunities ever presented to her in the long course of history? In allowing herself—an international institution—to be cut up into national sections at the very moment of international need, and in giving her blessing and support to the barbarous method of modern war for the settlement of human

differences, and for the establishing of justice and right ideas—has not the Christian Church, in this land and others, utterly missed the Mind of Christ, and forfeited the spiritual leadership of mankind which else was hers?

The good works of the Church, everywhere, are legion. For that we are thankful indeed. Yet, in being true to the lesser loyalty, have we not passed by the greater one? In the babel of voices have we not missed the still, small voice within? Were not the words of kings and emperors, and statesmen and soldiers, and journalists and popular novelists, and the like, more to us in those terrible days last August than the Word of the Founder of our Faith as He speaks His sermon on the Mount, and at length puts all to the test of the Cross? Christ was lonely once: was He ever so lonely as in Europe in August, 1914, and in the midst of great sections of His own Church in that awful day when the world was tried by fire?

It is growing clear as noon that Corsica is not getting us along very well—its horror and its futility become more evident day by day. And we look again wistfully towards Galilee. We begin to note with a feeling of uneasiness that it is just possible we have never really believed in Galilee. But, be that as it may, some are asking why we should not believe in Galilee now, and cast all upon that belief, and make a resolute attempt to save the modern world by a great act of faith. Are we for ever going to repeat the half-Pagan shibboleths put into our mouths by others? Are we never going to take our own way boldly? Do we not see in the present anguish of man, and in the intellectual, ethical, and social bankruptcy of the hour, the greatest Christian opportunity during centuries opening before us?

To accept its Divine challenge and take the way of Christ in a Christ-deriding hour would no doubt mean instant unpopularity and persecution—perhaps even the shedding of our blood, for the servant must not think to be greater than his Master. But cannot the Divine compassion for mankind again move Christ's Church to heroic acts? To believe anew in our mission in the world, to have all faith in the spirit which created the literature of the New Testament, and which gave birth to the early Christian movement, to liberate its cleansing and creative stream upon contemporary society, to attack without equivocation, and in every country, the doctrine of trust in brute force, and to strive to establish for stricken Europe and the whole civilized world a moral authority which should give the wonders of our age a soul and make the Mind of Christ the essential measure of international relations—this surely is the Divine, urgent, and distinctive work to which Christ's Church is summoned to-day, if she be really His. May not this matter receive discussion in all the churches?—Yours, &c.,

SEAWARD BEDDOW.

108, London-road, Leicester.

June 8th, 1915.

#### Poetry.

##### THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

DEATH bids his heralds go their way  
On red-rimmed bicycles to-day.  
Arrayed in blue with streak of red,  
A boy bears tidings of the dead:  
He pedals merrily along,  
Whistling the chorus of a song;  
Passing the time of day with friends,  
Until the journey almost ends.  
Then, slowing down, he scans each gate  
For the doom'd name upon the plate.  
That found, he loudly knocks and rings,  
Hands in the yellow missive; sings  
His song. The maid says at the door  
"No answer!" and he's off once more.

No answer through the empty years!  
No answer but a mother's tears!

EDWARD SHILLITO.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters." Edited by Henrietta Litchfield. (Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "The Partition of Poland." By Lord Eversley. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects." By Various Writers. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Scandinavia and the Scandinavians." By H. G. Leach. (Pitman. 6s. net.)  
 "The Soul of the War." By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "In and Around London." By Constance M. Frost. (Jack. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Heart of a Russian." By M. Y. Lermontov. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Miss O'Corra, M.F.H." By Miriam Alexander. (Melrose. 6s.)

WHILE everybody would be ready to admit that literature has its roots in society, and is, indeed, a social art, our literary historians have shown a strange neglect for those forms of social activity which exist to encourage or diffuse the appreciation of literature. The most notable exception has been Sainte-Beuve, and it is surprising how many of his hundreds of essays have been devoted to men and women whose influence upon literature was only indirect. Professor Tinker, of Yale University, has been impressed by the importance of this borderland where society and letters meet. His book on "The Salon and English Letters," just published by Messrs. Macmillan, traces "the attempt made in England between 1760 and 1790 to emulate the literary world of Paris by bringing men of letters and men of the world into closer relations, and by making the things of the mind an avocation of the drawing-room," and he shows that the results of this movement are to be found in "the improved artistry of three or four types of writing"—those of intimate biography, familiar correspondence, and the art of the diarist being perhaps the most notable.

THE influence which the English salon has had upon literature is not so obvious at a first glance as that of its Parisian parent. In France, the institution was a natural outgrowth of the intelligent interest of the reading world, and it left its mark on letters both by the vogue which it gave to certain authors and by the opportunities which it gave for writers to keep abreast with the times, and to keep in touch with one another and with the world. The sanity and clearness of thought and style, as well as the note of urbanity and the piquancy of illustration that mark the French literature of the eighteenth century, are due in no small measure to the fact that ideas and theories had to run the gauntlet of conversation before they reached the form in which they were presented to the world in books. And to some extent this is true also of the English salons. Their staple entertainment was conversation, and what are such books as Boswell's "Johnson," or Fanny Burney's "Diary," or Horace Walpole's "Letters" but the record of conversation? Their purpose was to celebrate the pleasures of social intercourse, and though the world has been prompt to recognize them as literature, their authors were chiefly anxious to communicate their own social enjoyment to those unfortunate enough to be outside the charmed circle. Many of the most enjoyable books of the period have been inspired by this motive, and for them we have to thank that attitude to life which the salon did much to foster.

"THERE used to be in Paris," Sydney Smith wrote in an essay on Madame d'Épinay, "under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life and gave very pleasant little suppers." The English *salonières* were, as a rule, more circumspect regarding the common duties of life, but, on the other hand, their "little suppers" seem to have been less pleasant. The Bluestocking Club was even a duller institution than the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Vesey do not shine in comparison with Madame Geoffrin or Madame du Deffand. Many reasons have been given for this comparative failure of the English salon. One explanation seems to be that while the Frenchwomen were eager to provoke

wit in others, our English bluestockings were more concerned to display their own. In his account of Madame Geoffrin, Sainte-Beuve says that a Roman cardinal could not have shown more diplomacy or more refined and pleasing ability than she displayed in the management of her salon for over thirty years. As an illustration of her ability he tells a story of how on one occasion she had a moment of terror when she saw the Abbé de Saint-Pierre settling himself down for a whole winter's evening. Inspired by the desperate situation, she exerted herself to such purpose that the Abbé astonished himself by his own wit. When on leaving, she complimented him on his good conversation, the Abbé replied: "Madame, I am only the instrument on which you have been playing."

IF Mrs. Montagu, "the Madame du Deffand of the English capital," did not possess this social tact, she had at least the power of attracting to her drawing-rooms a long series of famous men from Dr. Johnson to William Wilberforce. But she never quite succeeded in attaining the ease of the Parisian salon, partly because of a certain stiffness in her nature, and partly because of a desire to display her learning. Mrs. Thrale described her as "brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk," but Lady Louisa Stuart found that she was without "that art of kneading the mass well together. . . . Everything in that house, as if under a spell, was sure to form itself into a circle or a semi-circle." We are told that when she was visited by Beattie, whose "Essay on Truth" she took the liberty of recommending "to many of our Bishops and others," she insisted on discussing the Greek dramatists, Homer, Ossian, and "the wilder Oriental poets." Her own contribution to the world of books, "An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespear," was in its own day regarded as a standard work of criticism, though when Reynolds remarked that it did her honor, Johnson replied: "Yes, Sir, it does *her* honor, but it would do honor to nobody else"—a singularly unpleasant thing, as Miss Repplier observes, to hear said about one's literary masterpiece. To her other ambitions Mrs. Montagu added that of sending her reputation down to posterity as a patron of letters. It is for this reason that Hannah More calls her "the female Mæcenæ of Hill Street," and Dr. Burney boasts that she "makes each rising art her care." She even reached the point when she could write to Garrick: "I must say I felt for Shakespear the anxiety one does for a dead friend, who can no longer speak for himself."

FEW of the other conductors of salons during the period of which Professor Tinker treats have left little more than a name (and an adjective) to posterity. But in the generation that followed there were two names each of which is entitled to a chapter in the history of the English salon. The Miss Berrys, Horace Walpole's "twin wives," were not long ago made the subject of a book by Mr. Lewis Melville, but Lydia White still awaits a worthy chronicler. The first mention of Lydia White's parties is to be found in Miss Berry's "Journals." Miss Berry records that in 1815 she accompanied Lord and Lady Byron to one of them. Her comment is characteristic: "Never have I seen a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged in a circle than when we entered." Still earlier, Lydia White made an impression on Scott. "We have here," he wrote from Edinburgh to Lady Luisa Stuart, in 1808, "a very diverting lion and sundry wild beasts; but the most meritorious is Miss Lydia White, who is what Oxonians call a lioness of the first order, with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue, very lively, very good-humored, and extremely absurd. It is very diverting to see the sober Scotch ladies staring at this phenomenon." One of Lydia White's *mots* has become classical, and is thus related by Mr. W. P. Courtney:—

"At one of her small and agreeable dinners, the company, most, if not all of them, except the hostess being Whigs, discussed the desperate condition of their party. 'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, 'we are in a deplorable condition, we must do something to help ourselves. I think,' looking hard at his hostess, 'we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin.' Lydia White at once took up and applied the allusion to Iphigenia with the remark, 'I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind.'"

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## THE LARGER VIEW.

"Reflections of a Non-Combatant." By M. D. PETRE. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Religion et Guerre." By ALFRED LOISY. (Paris: E. Nourry. 1 fr.)

"Il Papa, l'Italia e la Guerra." By G. QUADROTTA. (Milan: Rava. 2 lire.)

WE are so accustomed to associate Catholicism with its theologians and its *littérateurs* that we easily overlook its better elements and the advantages which, if his judgment be sound and his education liberal, the emancipated Catholic enjoys. Such Catholics, indeed, are rare; and, for obvious reasons, they do not proclaim their emancipation: it is doubtful whether the official Church would admit the Catholicism of the writers whom we have taken as representative of the larger view. But all three stand outside the English Protestant tradition, and are Latins either by race or by the community of an inherited creed. Hence in all three a certain European outlook, a spaciousness of horizon, and a habit of affairs which distinguish their utterances from the maundering pietism which the leading organs of English opinion print in their largest type. Early in the war, e.g., an Oxford professor found it "astonishing that British scholars and politicians should speak of our intellectual debt to Germany"; and Miss Petre points out the "ominous note" struck by a "Times" correspondent, "Fides" (September 7th, 1914), on the same theme. This egregious announcement breathes the evil spirit that has deprived the country of the services of Lord Haldane: its prevalence is one of the worst features of English life:—

"Thought and learning, art and music, may bear certain characteristics of the country in which they are begotten; but they are also the products of humanity itself, or they would make no appeal to the world at large. The monuments of the German mind are no more robbed of their intellectual value by the national crime of this war than German mountains are robbed of their natural grandeur, German forests of their solemnity, or German rivers of their width and volume."

The aim of "Reflections of a Non-Combatant" is to show that mankind is working simultaneously on two planes—the plane of national and international politics and the plane of human aspiration and endeavor, and that the laws of the one are not the laws of the other. So that the question arises whether the German conception of war, untinged by characteristics that belong properly to other departments of life, is not truer than ours? Whether the Germans are not right on the plane on which they stand, though they will soon be left behind if they do not move beyond it; and whether the war that is waged humanely is not war that is beginning to be ashamed of itself and preparing for its own extinction? To which it might be added that methods, not indeed equaling, but certainly approximating to, the ruthlessness of the German commanders, are employed by European troops, our own included, against savage and semi-savage races; though it is fair to add that in this case their employment is acknowledged with an attempt at apology. This apology may be the homage paid by vice to virtue; but it is significant that it should be paid.

The answer is that, even on their own ground, German methods over-reach themselves; that a reputation for humanity and upright dealing, even in war, is an asset with which a nation can ill dispense. Nations, like men, may be penny wise and pound foolish; a particular success is bought too dearly at the price of the moral element without which, in the last resort, material force breaks down. What is true is that the disposition to rely on the arm of flesh survives to a greater extent than most of us think, and in unlikely quarters. There is perhaps a touch of autobiography in Miss Petre's significant remark that:—

"A return to old methods is more absolutely possible than Mr. Angell believes, and is rendered impracticable more by outside pressure than by a complete conversion of humanity from such methods. In the great Christian Churches persecution is still not only possible, but actual, though it does not openly assume the form of physical torture. A good deal of moral suffering is still inflicted

in the name of Orthodoxy. . . . And if yet stronger measures are not sometimes adopted, this is rather for want of the means than for want of the will."

The moralist will note with satisfaction that such sins bring their own punishment. Catholicism is still associated in England with the stake; Protestantism in Celtic Ireland, with the pitch cap. Austria is paying for retaining *Italia irredenta*; Germany for its crimes against Alsace and Belgium; Russia for taking Bessarabia from Roumania; the Allies for the dismemberment of Bulgaria. *Raro antecedentem scelestum*: the moral factor, in the long run, prevails.

Professor Loisy—it is difficult not to describe him still as the Abbé—discusses, in "Religion et Guerre," the bearings of religion upon the war and of the war upon religion; finally, he estimates the possibilities of what is known in France as the *Esprit Nouveau*. No one is better qualified to do so. M. Loisy possesses in an almost unique degree the qualities of detachment and insight. The present writer cannot recall an instance in which his forecast of the future has not been justified by the event.

He dismisses easily "le dieu des Allemands, toujours loquace depuis règne Guillaume II." :—

"Ce dieu des Allemands est un très vieux dieu. Lorsque les rois de Nineve, grands tueurs d'hommes et voleurs de contrées, faisaient le récit officiel de leurs expéditions, ils ne manquaient pas d'écrire: 'Avec la protection au dieu Assur, mon seigneur, je marchai contre tel pays.' Le dieu portait le nom même du peuple. Assur était l'Assyrie, Assur était l'Assyrien. Le dieu des Allemands c'est l'Allemagne, c'est l'Allemand. La guerre de Guillaume II. n'est pas plus religieuse au fond que ne le furent celles de Sennachérib et de Nabuchodonosor. . . . Ce qui est révoltant dans la culture allemande, ce qui fait que tout en invoquant Dieu à pleins poumons, elle est foncièrement impie, c'est qu'elle manque d'humanité. De cette culture brutale et de son dieu anthropophage nous n'avons que faire."

We will not take "M. le Pasteur Dryander, prédicateur de Guillaume II.," or even "M. A. von Harnack, bibliothécaire de la cour où M. Dryander est prédicateur," as representative of the Reformed Churches: it is in "Vorwärts" rather than in the "Kreuz-Zeitung" that the Reformation survives. One church, however, there was which, from its lofty claims and its Catholic, or international, character promised better things. The title Vicar of Christ connotes much, and the reputation of its present bearer led many to anticipate an at least partial fulfilment of the hopes raised by the recent changes in the *personnel* of the Curia. Alas! :—

"le libéralisme d'un pape est toujours limité par sa fonction même, qui ne lui permet pas d'être lui et qui veut qu'il soit pape. . . . Depuis longtemps et de plus en plus le pape est devenu avant tout, sous les titres édifiants ou pompeux, chef du groupe de prêtres italiens qui tiennent en régie l'Eglise catholique. Le droit divin qu'on étale n'est que pour la garantie de ce privilège."

Prussia is Protestant, but it is even more absolutist; and the traditional policy of Rome is less hostile to Prussian aims and methods than to those of the Liberal Western Powers. The Vatican is dependent on the German Centre and on the Hapsburg monarchy; it detests France, it distrusts England, it fears that unknown quantity the Slav. "Que voulez-vous, monsignore? ce sont les épisodes de la guerre," was the callous answer of a great Roman official to a Belgian prelate who pressed upon him the profanation of churches, the murder of priests, and the violation of nuns which follow the advance of the German troops; and how little religion affects conduct is shown by the fact that, while the Catholic Bavarians are foremost in these horrors, they fill the Protestant Saxons with anger and shame. M. Loisy sums up with bitter irony:—

"Témoignons au pape Benoît XV. toute l'admiration que nous inspire le Cardinal Mercier. Mais ne négligeons pas de constater, après l'impuissance de l'Evangile, l'impuissance du pontificat romain devant la crise actuelle de l'humanité. Les grandes forces morales du passé ne dominent point la situation présente. Le monstrueux spectacle auquel nous assistons pourrait bien être plus déconcertant pour ce que nous appelons communément la foi que pour ce que nous nommons l'incrédulité."

This is not to say that a rise in the religious temperature does not accompany and will not follow the war. But it is important that this should not be confused with a revival

of the belief and practices of the existing churches, and in particular of Catholicism. Such a revival will be confined to believers who, from fashion, indifference, or indolence, sit loose to the practices enjoined by their belief. In stress and strain they fall back upon them: "When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord." "Rien ne paraît moins solide que l'espoir assez ouvertement caressé par de notables publicistes, d'utiliser la guerre au profit d'une réaction politico-religieuse." The differences of opinion which prevailed in the past remain. What is new and true, is that in presence of the supreme need of the country they are seen to be of secondary importance. More than this cannot be looked for. The anti-French policy of the late and the present Pope has materially weakened such hold as Catholicism possessed on the French people. This hold was small and precarious; "le catholicisme apparaissait de plus en plus comme le culte d'une minorité qui tendait à vivre en dehors du courant nationale, assez mécontente, mais surtout impuissante": it is now declining more rapidly than before. Is religion, then, lost? Not so. It is taking on new forms and opening out new horizons. "Graduellement se forme une conscience de l'humanité; à certains égards, cette conscience chez nous procède de l'Evangile; elle a été préparée par lui, ne serait pas née sans lui; mais elle le dépasse." In its formation the war conscience is a leading factor. For it brings not a moral elite only, but very ordinary men face to face with the supreme sacrifice; and, greater love hath no man than this, if a man give up his life for his friends.

The Northern nations, even when, as in England, they are not professedly Catholic, are apt to see the Papacy through a distorting mist of romance. Italians are under no such illusion; and the judgment of a publicist of Signor Quadrotta's distinction carries no common weight. That the leading English newspaper should have gone out of its way to disparage "Il Papa, l'Italia e la Guerra," suggests a certain unacquaintance with contemporary Italy. The Roman question apart, the treatment of which is matter of opportunism, to suppose that the Vatican regards the Savoy Monarchy in any other light than that of an instrument to be used how and as occasion offers, or of a breakwater against evils greater than itself, is to show little knowledge of the traditional policy of the Papacy; the two look different ways. Pius X. acclaimed William II. as "le saint empereur"; and that Rome has acted from the first in the interest of the Austro-German alliance is not an accusation but a statement of fact. That there are so-called religious as well as political reasons for this attitude make it neither less notorious nor less regrettable. Pius X. alienated France; Benedict XV. has alienated French Catholicism. He has had his opportunity; he has missed it; and it will not return.

#### D'ANNUNZIO.

"The Novels of Gabriele D'Annunzio." (Heinemann. 5 vols. 3s. 6d. net each.)

The five novels here issued, by the prompt enterprise of the publisher, in a cheaper edition are, if not a complete, a representative collection of D'Annunzio's work. They are, in chronological order, "Il Piacere" (1889), "L'Innocente" (1892), "Trionfo della Morte" (1894), "Le Vergini delle Rocce" (1896), and "Il Fuoco" (1910). The first three have been translated by Miss Georgina Harding; "The Virgins of the Rocks," by Miss Agatha Hughes; and "The Flame of Life," rather less idiomatically, by Kassandra Vivaria. "The Child of Pleasure," D'Annunzio's first published novel, and written when he was twenty-five, is less of a connected novel than a casual series of amorous episodes, with Andrea Sperelli, the luxurious young Roman noble as their pivot. All D'Annunzio's artistic qualities and extravagances are there in embryo—his picturesqueness, his heavily embroidered style, his preoccupation with the psychology of sexual passion, and his contempt of democracy. It is a heady, violent achievement, full of a Renaissance ingenuousness, half delight and half repulsion, in the presentment of sensuality.

"The Victim," in that it hinges upon a central idea, is much more of a novel. It is the story of a particularly

What is your  
answer to  
Lord Kitchener's  
call?

"300,000 men wanted now."

WAR OFFICE  
WHITEHALL  
S.W.

I have said that I would let the country know when more men were wanted for the war. The time has come and I now call for 300,000 recruits to form new armies.

Those who are engaged on the production of war material of any kind should not leave their work. It is to men who are not performing this duty that I appeal.

Kitchener.

THERE is only one reply that our King and Country expect from every man who is between 19 and 40 years of age and physically fit. That is to go to the nearest Recruiting Office and

Join the Army  
TO-DAY.

debased type of sensualist, Tullio, and his wife Guiliana. He is repeatedly unfaithful to her and cannot resist the appeal of his passions, even when she is prostrated by a dangerous illness. He is, in fact, the replica of the fictitious novelist, Filippo Arborio, to whom Guiliana, driven to despair by her husband's neglect, yields in a moment of weakness:—

"I imagined him like one of his own characters: affected by the slightest maladies of the mind, warped, false, cruelly inquisitive, soured by the habit of analysis and studied irony, continually occupied in converting the warmest and most spontaneous movements of the soul into hard and fast conceptions, wont to regard every human being purely as a subject for psychological conception, incapable of love, incapable of a generous action, of renunciation, of self-sacrifice, hardened in duplicity, licentious, cynical, vile."

Such is Tullio, and such, it cannot be questioned, are all D'Annunzio's heroes. Tullio becomes reconciled to his wife, and goes to live with her in the country. The dissection of his motives throws a curious light on a certain artistic self-deception which is implicit in nearly all of the novels. Superficially, Tullio undergoes a kind of spiritual redemption, and the conflict between his sexual and platonic impulses is drawn with considerable subtlety. But the point is, actually, that Tullio only feels a physical attraction towards his wife. The pathological implication of his temperament is fixed and irrevocable. And the most delicate artistic workmanship cannot blind us to this essential fact. The conflict is an illusory one. Tullio, like Andrea Sperelli, and, indeed, like all dissipated people, is a simple, uniform character, governed solely by the obsession of gratifying his taste for pleasure. The complexity lies in the taste, not in the human psychology. The rest of "The Victim" is devoted to describing Tullio's passionate unrest and jealousy on discovering that his wife is about to give birth to an illegitimate child. The book ends with his murder of the child and partial realization that he cannot justify his crime.

"The Triumph of Death" is, in our opinion, the best of the five, because it is the most coherent, the most unified, and the clearest exposition and embodiment of a tragic idea. The theme is as old as history. Giorgio, by imprinting his sensuality upon his mistress Ippolita, creates it in her in an accentuated form. He is caught in his own net; the Galatea, whom the breath of his desire had transformed to an insatiable animal, destroys his moral and intellectual consciousness. The necessity we are under to take the latter for granted does tend to blunt the edge of the tragedy. Even so, the prison of the flesh in which Giorgio and Ippolita are pitilessly shut, does, as in Daudet's "Sappho," create an overpowering impression of tragic fatality and impotence. If it does not suggest pity, it suggests terror. In a scene of unusual restraint and power, Giorgio forces Ippolita over the cliff and casts himself over with her. The quality of "The Triumph of Death" is indeed its savage intensity. Its exotic tone, its rhetorical encumbrances, its inchoate treatment, its total lack of characterization, its selection of abnormal material, its mannerisms and spurious values, are, one feels, almost atoned for by this single overmastering vitality.

"The Virgins of the Rocks" is not a novel, but a painting, set in an ornately gilded frame. Its appeal is entirely decorative. And how much more delicately suggestive it would have been without the frame! This frame consists of a lengthy and rather ludicrous discourse, occupying a quarter of the book, and of the value of which a quotation will give as good an example as any:—

"Indeed you will have little difficulty in bringing back the common herd to its obedience. The masses always remain slaves; they have a natural impulse to stretch out their wrists to the fetters. The sense of liberty will never to the end of time exist in them. Do not be deceived by their vociferations and their hideous contortions; but always remember that the soul of the Multitude is in the power of Panic. It will be your policy, therefore, when the opportunity comes, to provide yourselves with cutting whips, to assume an imperious mien, to plan some humorous stratagem."

And so on. The gilding of the frame is the young hero, the scion of a noble race, the Cantelmas, whose deeds it is his ideal to emulate:—

"In the very depths of my being the primitive feelings of early forefathers awoke; for my indescribable agitation took the form of a lightning-like succession of flashing visions, in which I saw men like myself pouring into vanquished cities, leaping over heaps of corpses and ruins, with untiring gestures thrusting their swords into men's bodies, carrying half-naked women on their saddle-bows through the innumerable flames of a conflagration, while their horses, lithe, cruel animals like leopards, waded up to their bellies in blood."

But these flourishes do not impair (if we ignore them) the soft beauty of the picture. It is the exiled family of the Montagas—three sisters, two brothers, a half-imbecile mother, and a stern, childishly loyal father. They had been banished for devotion to the incompetent Francis of Bourbon, and live on their sequestered estate, the symbols of decay, futility, and a vanquished glory. The three sisters are like the interlacing themes of a pathetic sonata. The family has a kind of incorporeal significance. They are the faded "odors within the sense." D'Annunzio's art of suggesting graceful and delicate attitudes is at its climax in this fragile miniature. His power of capturing the quintessence of a still, rarefied, transitory beauty in faint outlines is not only reminiscent of Pater, but a far, far better thing than the fevered exuberance that deforms so much of his work.

"The Flame of Life" also opens with a long prelude, in the shape of the fantastic oration of the poet Stelio Effrena to the citizens of Venice. The rest of the book is devoted to the passion of the tragic actress La Foscara for Stelio. There can be no doubt that La Foscara has a prototype in actual life, and the method of treatment throughout is in highly dubious taste. For the first time in D'Annunzio's novels, an attempt is made to focus the interest, not on the man, but the woman. La Foscara is past her meridian of beauty and cannot keep Stelio, the "Life-giver," the artist of creative joy, at her side, except by the sombre force of her physical experience and enchantment. Her realization of this and of the futility of aspiration towards a more spiritual union, is the tragedy of the book. "The Flame of Life" shows a greater range and ambition than any of the earlier novels. But it does not achieve an artistic entity, because D'Annunzio, instead of selecting and economizing his resources, multiplies them by the addition of extraneous elements, which serve rather to obscure than to point the issue. He tries to carry the position, so to speak, by concentrating his heavy artillery of a figurative and elaborated style. "The Flame of Life" gives us precisely the same impression of ostentatious opulence as a dress covered with diamonds. The diamonds are all very well in their place.

That D'Annunzio has not taken, and will not take, his place with the great Continental novelists of the twentieth century is fairly obvious. His novels are completely without form or structure. They are a dialogue, a meditation, a prose-poem, a fresco, a pathological treatise, a mosaic of sentiments and attitudes—anything but novels. Nor has he any sort of bent for psychology. His heroes are only projections of ideas and prepossessions. They are not even types; only embodiments of passion, modern and more feeble versions of the Werthers of the middle nineteenth century, and adaptations of the De Musset subjective romantics. His heroines, with the one exception of La Foscara, revolve within their lovers' orbits. They do not even exist as personifications. Nor is D'Annunzio an artist of the emotions. His characters do not feel things; they taste them. That is perhaps an explanation of his use of superlatives, in motive, action, and style. The keener, the more emphatic the occasions for joy or grief, the more their juice is pressed out of them, fermented, and even bottled for consumption. His characters exploit, advertize, and flavor their emotions too much to feel them. The reason why D'Annunzio's novels all bear a certain stamp of vulgarity upon them is because the emotions in them are debased to the level of sensations. That is where his art puts forth its fullest blossom. The whole of his quivering energy is at the service of cultivating sensation, of throwing the physical sensibilities into relief. His characters can extract a sensuous pleasure out of the profoundest despair. You might almost say that everything they say or do is a deliberate and self-conscious effort to experience a sensation. Here is an instance: "Then he remained at her feet in the

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#### THE FIRST LORD SALISBURY.

"A Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury." By ALGERNON CECIL. (Murray. 12s. net.)

In an age prodigal of its output of biographical and anecdotal volumes of history, it may seem remarkable that no previous monograph of any size has been written in English on one who must by any estimate rank among England's great statesmen, Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury. The reason for this neglect is, perhaps, that the romantic figures of the Elizabethan period, its poets and adventurers, tend to dwarf the mere statesmen whose skilful steering of the ship of state formed, however, the substantial basis for the age's romance.

To all but special students of the period, the Cecils, father and son (and they are nearly always grouped together and with Walsingham), tend to appear shadowy if sinister figures, cautious advisers, wary diplomatists, most skilful spies, and discreetest of courtiers; but hardly individual. It is significant of the solidarity of English policy in the beginning and prime of Elizabeth's reign that not even specialists can say what was of Burghley and what of the Queen in the safe and cynical course they pursued. But the younger Cecil came to power under James, whose fine theories and vague knowledge of practical things could only, if unrestrained, have made for disaster. Under those circumstances, as the writer of this new volume claims, what was good in England's policy in these years was due to Cecil, the true pilot of England's destinies in a difficult and somewhat dismal period.

This biography is undertaken in a pious spirit of devotion—pious in the classical sense (though not without some savor of the quality denoted by the modern sense of the word). The writer aims at filling out with form and substance the somewhat shadowy figure of his illustrious ancestor, and he probably succeeds as far as is possible with the type he has to portray. He shows us Robert Cecil, a mere youth, his father's pupil, and a tyro in diplomacy, submitting meekly to the lengthy maxims for the regulation of his conduct which Burghley in the manner of the age committed to writing for his son's benefit and our edification. Meekly, too, he submitted to the "sporting name of Pigmy," which the Queen fixed upon him; but when she sent a message under this name to him in the Low Countries, where he was in the train of the Earl of Derby early in 1588, he mentions to his father: "Though I may not find fault with the name she gives me, yet seem I only not to dislike it because she gives it." Cecil was a man of exceedingly small stature, and with some deformity of person of which he was always sensitively conscious, and which he handed on to one of his daughters. His mere apprenticeship did not last long. Walsingham died in 1590, and though Burghley did not have his son made Secretary of State until 1595, Robert was gradually entrusted with many of the duties of the position. From 1593 until the end of the reign, Cecil was a kind of "Minister in Attendance," and constantly with the Queen. Even before his father's death, in 1598, it is true to say that he held the main threads of the conduct of affairs of State. The method of this biography is to furnish a narrative of the outstanding features and events of the time with some indication of the part which the Secretary played in them. The method is rather disparate, but serves as well as another to interpret the position and significance of the character under treatment. Incidentally, the book furnishes

many interesting sidelights on the history of the period. Cecil is shown up against the dark background of treason and plot, and the nightmare of the Spanish peril which haunted Elizabethan England. He is shown as the centre of that elaborate spy system of the Tudors which Elizabeth brought to perfection, and which almost inevitably caught the erring and disaffected in its sinister meshes. He is shown astutely facing Parliaments, protesting against monopolies, voicing the aspirations of a people awakening anew to thoughts of liberty. We see him dealing, keen-eyed and undeceived, with the elaborate and cynical diplomacy of Spain and France. We see him, more humanly, the sincere mourner for a beloved wife untimely taken from him by death, and the recipient of a noble letter of condolence, philosophic yet intensely sympathetic, from Raleigh. We see him, and sometimes in a comic connection, the recipient of letters from many suitors, as when the Bishop of St. David's begs his intervention, he languishing in prison for the indiscretion in a prayer which he had drawn up for the Queen in which he ungallantly expected her to confess that "she was now entered a good way into the climacterical year of her age."

We find Cecil anxious to secure the Protestant succession, and maintaining a regular correspondence with James in the last years of Elizabeth. On one occasion, when a packet of letters from Scotland was delivered to Cecil in the presence of the Queen, and she was prepared to take them, he, fearing that she would discover his dealings with James, stood a little apart to undo the wrappings; and then, uttering an exclamation at their "foul smell," advised her Majesty to have them aired before she touched them. The incident shows Cecil in not too dignified a light, but it shows him at least ready witted and resourceful. His biographer is at pains to show that he leaned to moderation, that he was innocent of the malice and jealousy which has been freely ascribed to him. His treatment of his kinsman, Francis Bacon, in not favoring his aspirations to power and place, almost certainly arose from a just estimation of his practical talents and not from any dislike or jealousy of a rival. His increasing mistrust of the rash and uncompromising Essex, once his friend, was surely justified to the hilt. Yet it was a casual statement of Macaulay (whose epigrams colored so many reputations) on Cecil's attitude to Essex which begot the tradition. There was this much of truth in the view, that Cecil preferred the men without the dangerous gift of imagination. The common sense and dialectical skill of a Coke atoned to him for his brutal coarseness. He was merciful as the age understood mercy. He "shrank to see the priests die by dozens," and though with a statesman's eye to the safety of the State he would not move a finger to save Essex (in spite of his personal reconciliation with him in prison) from a traitor's death, he interceded for and saved his less dangerous associates.

That there was a certain strain of nobility in the character of Robert Cecil is fully shown in this book. It is mirrored in the fine and measured English which he wrote and which is here quoted abundantly. But the writer is somewhat over-anxious to stave off even the shadow of a reproach. It can hardly be denied that the Catholic gentlemen who took part in the plot of 1605 had much aggravation in the *volte face* of the King from his early attitude towards the Catholics. Any but a determined apologist must agree with Gardiner that, when afterwards Salisbury denied that the King had broken his promises, "he said what he must have known to be untrue." Yet the author of this volume takes a strong stand on the subject of truth. He speaks with impatient distaste of Garnet's adherence to the theory of equivocation. He would have had men swear their own lives away before judges who were using every snare to make them betray themselves. Garnet's evasions were surely less contemptible than the trick which Cecil authorized of placing him in contact with another prisoner so that, unwittingly, they might betray themselves to eavesdroppers. Raleigh, in his trial for treason, lied freely. This censorious attitude marks a quality which rather detracts from a careful and sufficient biography. The same want of humor is discernible in the reflection that both Burghley and Philip of Spain "doubtless realized in another world the fullness of their rival measures of success and failure," or that Elizabeth "can hardly have failed to be sensible that the grave contained

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little work, or device, or wisdom, or knowledge, for which her own life had been in any sort a preparation." Such reflections strike incongruously amidst adequate and sober history. The biographer has, however, fulfilled well his allotted task. The simple funeral at Hatfield (by the building of which Cecil had consoled himself for the loss of his cherished Theobalds, yielded to the greed of the King) ended fittingly enough the strenuous, eventful, but sober life of a statesman who spent all his force in the service of his country.

#### A HISTORY OF PERSIA.

✓ "A History of Persia." By Lieut.-Colonel P. M. SYKES. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 50s. net.)

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL P. M. SYKES, who for many years held consular office in Kirmán, Meshhed, and other cities of Persia, is already well known to Persian students and those interested in the geography and ethnography of Central Asia by his larger works, "Ten Thousand Miles in Persia," and the "Glory of the Shia World," as well as by numerous communications to various learned societies. His present work is of a more comprehensive character than anything which he has yet published, being a history of Persia from the earliest times down to the beginning of the latest period inaugurated by the granting of the Constitution in 1906. Concerning the eventful nine years succeeding that date, the author, who could have told us so much that we should like to know, is silent; and this reticence, though doubtless inevitable, is, nevertheless, a cause for regret. Of the earliest period of Persian history, on the other hand, the author treats so fully that it is not till we have read the first hundred pages of Vol. I. (which contains the pre-Mohammedan history of Persia) that we arrive in Chapter VIII. at "The Aryans of Persia: Their Origin and Traditions," or, in other words, at the point where the Medes and Persians first appear upon the scene. In the preceding chapters, besides the physical geography, fauna, flora, population and climate of Persia, the kingdoms or empires of Elam, Babylonia, Sumer, Akkad, and Assyria are discussed at some length.

In a book of so vast a scope there must necessarily be some inequality of treatment, for no one man, no matter how able and industrious, could investigate at first hand the innumerable problems connected with a prehistoric period of indeterminate length and a historical period extending over 3,000 years, especially in the case of a country which has experienced so many vicissitudes and is so rich in political and historical associations, as well as in the realms of art, literature, and philosophic and religious thought, as Persia. For the same reason few students will read with equal attention all the thousand pages which this book comprises, while few critics will feel themselves competent to pronounce an opinion on all the theories advanced by the author in connection with the many difficult and complex problems which different parts of the subject present.

Speaking generally, it may be said that this book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and that so complete a history of Persia in all times and under all aspects is hardly to be found elsewhere. Details may be criticized, but the broad outlines are well and truly drawn, and even those who have devoted most study to the subject will learn much from its perusal. The author has both that immediate knowledge of the country and that sympathy for and understanding of the people which are essential to the success of the historian. That he realizes the indefinable charm of both is shown by his description of the Persian character (Vol. I., pp. 187, 457, 490) and his praise of the climate of Khurásán—"one of the finest and most delightful in the world." His comparison of Persia with Spain (Vol. I., p. 7), which of all European countries it most resembles, will appeal to all who know both countries, but in spite of the resemblance, both in name and substance, of sherry and the wine of Shíráz, we greatly doubt if there is any etymological connection between the names of the wines with which those two towns are respectively associated, for the Spanish city of Xeres (Jerez) was known to the Arabs as Sharish, which is not at all a probable corruption of Shíráz, a place, moreover, well known to Arabian geographers. Some other etymologies proposed by Colonel Sykes appear

of doubtful value—e.g., the assertion (Vol. I., p. 115 *ad calc.*) that *Magus* originally signified "a slave," and is to be compared with "maid"; that the Cimmerians gave their name to the Crimea (Vol. I., p. 136); that the Arabic name for chess, *Shatranj* (for the Sanskrit *chaturanga*, Pahlavi *chatrang*), is connected with *Sháh* (King), Vol. I., p. 496; that the title of *Sháhiján* given to the city of Merv means "soul of the King" (Vol. II., p. 123), it being apparently a Pahlavi adjective *Sháhikán* (Arabicized into *Sháhiján*), meaning simply "royal"; and that "daric" is a corruption of *Zarik*, or "the little gold coin." Nor are we certain that the name of *Lot* (*Lút*) is commemorated in the great desert called *Dasht-i-Lút*, for the word *Lút* (with the final *t* soft, not hard) means "bare, naked" in Persian, and it is this "naked desert" to which applies Pierre Loti's fine description quoted by Colonel Sykes, "c'est la désolation absolue, le grand triomphe incontesté de la mort." On the other hand, in connection with the word *kháki*—now one of the most familiar in our language—which, as is well known, is an adjective derived from the Persian word *khák* (dust, earth), and means "dust-coloured," the author gives us an interesting and little-known historical fact, viz. (Vol. II., 455 *ad calc.*) "that we owe its invention to this war" (i.e., the Anglo-Persian War of 1857). . . . "It appears that some Persian troops dressed in this dust-coloured uniform were almost invisible at a distance, and the Indian authorities accordingly adopted it."

Colonel Sykes is perhaps at his best in the discussion of the various wars in which the Persians were at different times engaged, beginning with their wars with the Greeks and Macedonians; of their political and diplomatic relations with their neighbors; and of their social and economic conditions. Since the thirteenth century of our era, when communications were opened up by various Christian States of Europe with the Mongol conquerors of Persia, a whole series of ambassadors, travellers, and adventurers visited the successive rulers of Persia, leaving in many cases valuable narratives of their experiences and observations, of which we owe the publication of English versions in most cases to the Hakluyt Society. The frank and unbiased impressions of these travellers often give us a clearer idea of a Persian monarch and his entourage than can possibly be derived from the stereotyped phrases of his court chronicler. Thus, to take one instance only, we may read all that the Persian historians have written about Uzun Hasan (the "Assambei" or "Ussuncassan" of the Venetians) without getting so clear an idea of his personality as we derive from Ambrosio Contarini (who visited him in 1474-5), who describes the trembling hands of the septuagenarian toper, but adds, "Take him altogether, however, he was a pleasant gentleman." As regards social conditions, again, a most illuminating comparison will be found (Vol. II., pp. 496-9) between the Persian and the Panjabi peasant, inclining in favor of the former.

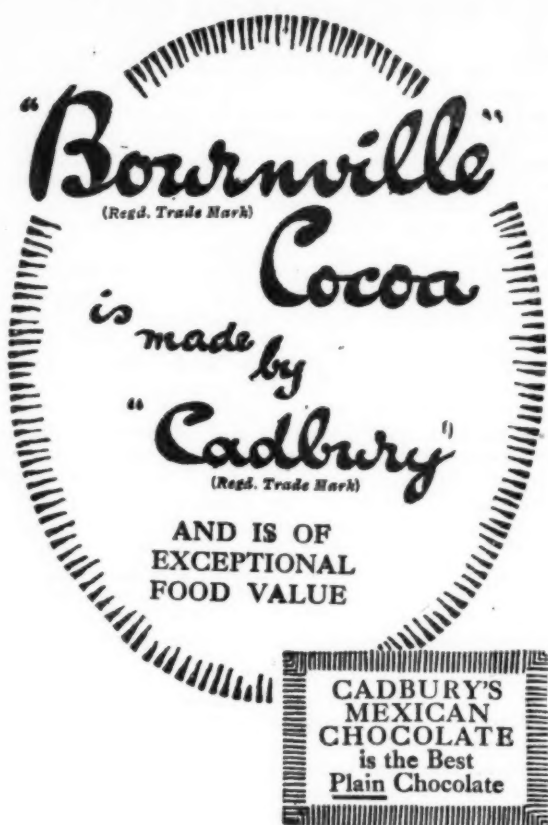
These are but a few points suggested by a book rich in material which should be carefully read by everyone who is interested in any aspect, ancient or modern, of the wonderful and romantic land in which Colonel Sykes spent so many years and of which he, in common with nearly all who know it, evidently appreciates the charm.

E. G. B.

#### A LITTLE GERMAN INTERLUDE.

"The Duchess Ilsa: A Page from the Secret Memoirs of the Court of Hohenau-Sesselstadt." By E. VERNON BLACKBURN. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

WHAT of romance is mixed in this pretty, slender history, and what is mere fact therein, we are little curious to inquire. No reading has hitherto unsealed for us any records of Hohenau-Sesselstadt, in the southern parts of Germany. It seems to have been not quite unlike Pumpernickel, though there was no genius of a Thackeray to fetch the puppets from the box and set them dancing. To Pumpernickel once, as many readers will remember, came Mrs. Rebecca Crawley, in the dusty days of her eclipse, and for a few pages we fancied that another Becky was going to make things lively in Hohenau-Sesselstadt. But Bettina von Strahlendorf, daughter of a typical Excellency of the mid-nineteenth cen-



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No. 397.

tury, albeit she has red hair and green eyes, proves not in the least on a level with Becky; and when she marries somebody—we have already forgotten his name—and disappears in the mists of a foolish and abortive conspiracy, we are fain to protest that we do not care twopence about her.

But it is all a curious and piquant little history; not the less engaging that it so persistently suggests a serio-comic interlude for which Watteau might have designed the costumes and painted the scenery. Seemingly, however, it is real, and of the last century; and the people did not dress for their parts behind the scenes, nor play them by the light of wax candles to an audience powdered and wigged and hooped. For here is a passage from Miss or Mrs. Blackburn's introduction:—

"Owing to my father's South German family connections we, although English, enjoyed a greater degree of social intimacy with our German neighbors than would have been attainable by most of our countrymen. Living part of the time in Frankfort itself, the principal actors in the coming tragedy were on terms of daily familiarity. Austria's representative, small and dapper Count Rechberg, was physically and mentally overshadowed by the Prussian Baron Bismarck—gigantic, burly, and brutal. We all hated him even then, though wholly unconscious of the terrible part he was destined to play in the near future. The neighboring principalities of the three Hessens and of Nassau have furnished me with most of the incidents in 'The Duchess Ilsa.' With the exception of Hesse-Darmstadt these have shared the fate of the free city of Frankfort, where, in my time, most of the ladies refused to dance with the Prussian officers of the Confederate garrison, and lavished their favours on those of Austria and Bavaria. They paid for their temerity in their absorption by the Hohenzollern octopus, from which, humanly speaking, up to the present there has appeared no chance of escape."

After this we must take for granted Duke Carl Josef and his toy-theatre of a Hohenau Duchy, and Bettina and her semi-Oriental Ricardo, and Duchess Ilsa herself, and the rest of the performers in this amusing morsel of non-historical history; and we must certainly not forget the "properties" of the piece, chief among which are the ivory chairs more or less improperly belonging to Carl Josef, and the ivory table of the suite in the lawful possession of Duchess Ilsa. The visible ivory chairs and the invisible ivory table (the reader will learn all about the romantic quest of the second) are central in the history—excusing and explaining and accounting for it. For the sake of the ivory chairs that were his and the ivory table that was not, Duke Carl Josef, his Duchy, his irreproachable amours, his troubles and triumphs with his subjects, and his prospective marriage with Ilsa under any quantity of limelight, seem to have been especially and peculiarly created. If it was not all quite as it is here related—though we have half-persuaded ourselves that it was—it certainly should have been: history with a relish of opera-bouffe (and Carlyle, occasion serving him, has not scrupled to give us a taste of it in Frederick) makes better reading than the manuals. The "coming tragedy" to which reference is made in the introduction we have altogether missed. Ricardo is stabbed, to be sure, but the ivory table seems likely in the end to join the ivory chairs in the incomplete apartment at Hohenau-Sesselstadt; and the closing page leaves us in no doubt that there will immediately be wedding-bells and a bishop for Carl Josef and Ilsa; so what or where or when is the tragedy that is blanketed before it has a chance of blighting us? It is an airy and graceful little play, prettily told and arranged, and to the truth of it we are totally indifferent.

## The Week in the City.

THERE has not been much going on in the City, but it is thought that preparations are being made for a new loan, which, according to some, should be a 4 per cent. issue at 98, redeemable at par after ten or fifteen years. It is suggested that with the benefit of the Exchange a large portion of this loan might be taken up in the United States; and, in this way one important element of difficulty—namely, the unfavorable state of the exchanges with New York—might be got over. The question how we are to go on acting as banker and manufacturers for the Allies if the enlargement of the Army continues is beginning to be asked and the rise of prices is again attracting attention. Meat has risen enormously of late, but, fortunately, wheat and flour prices have been declining. Several other difficulties are emerging. For example, how is the wastage of merchant ships, reckoned at three a week, to be repaired if all the private shipping yards are taken up by the Admiralty? The superb fleet of trawlers is disappearing, and the supply of fish has been sadly diminished. Fortunately, the Board of Trade Returns for May are better than had been anticipated, showing a welcome increase in exports. This fact, taken in conjunction with the withdrawals of men into the Army and into the manufacture of war material, indicates what immense efforts have been made by the manufacturers and their workmen to maintain the productive capacity of their country.

### CONSOLS AND WAR LOAN.

When the minimum price of Consols was reduced to 66½ a certain amount of business was stimulated in them, and for a short time they were quoted a trifle over the minimum, but they are once more at the minimum and the number of daily bargains in them has shrunk to four or five, just about the same as before the minimum was reduced. It is true that the War Loan Stock has fallen to a point below its issue price, and this would be bound to have a sympathetic effect upon Consols, but even so, an examination of the relative merits of the two stocks show that Consols at their minimum price are over-valued as compared with War Stock. As War Stock is repayable at par in 1928, and is now at 94, the six points by which it must rise must be taken into account in calculating the yield, and this part of the yield is not subject to income-tax. As the whole of the yield on Consols is subject to income-tax, the best way of comparing the two stocks is by reducing the yields on both to the "free of tax" basis. On this plan the net return on War Stock if it were irredeemable would be £3 5s. 2d. per cent., but the six points appreciation is worth another 7s. 6d. per cent., making the real return £3 12s. 8d. per cent. free of income-tax, as against £3 5s. 10d. per cent. free of income-tax upon Consols. The weakness of War Stock is due partly to the competition of the recent Colonial issues, particularly the current New South Wales prospectus offering £5,000,000 of 4½ per cent. twelve-year stock at 99½, and partly to the expectation of a British Government advance to Italy, which will bring nearer the probability of another public war issue in London. It is constantly said that the financing of the war by Treasury Bills cannot go on indefinitely if the present circumstances continue, but it may last for some time. The money is paid out by the Government, comes back through the banks, and is re-lent on Treasury Bills. This is all right as far as home requirements are concerned, but what is required is credit abroad to sustain our adverse balance of trade.

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